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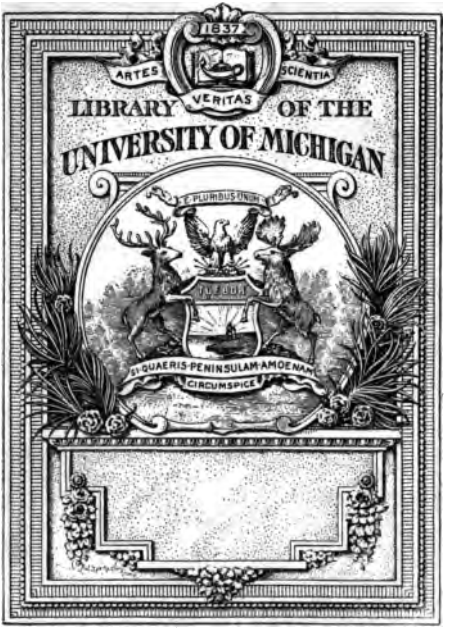
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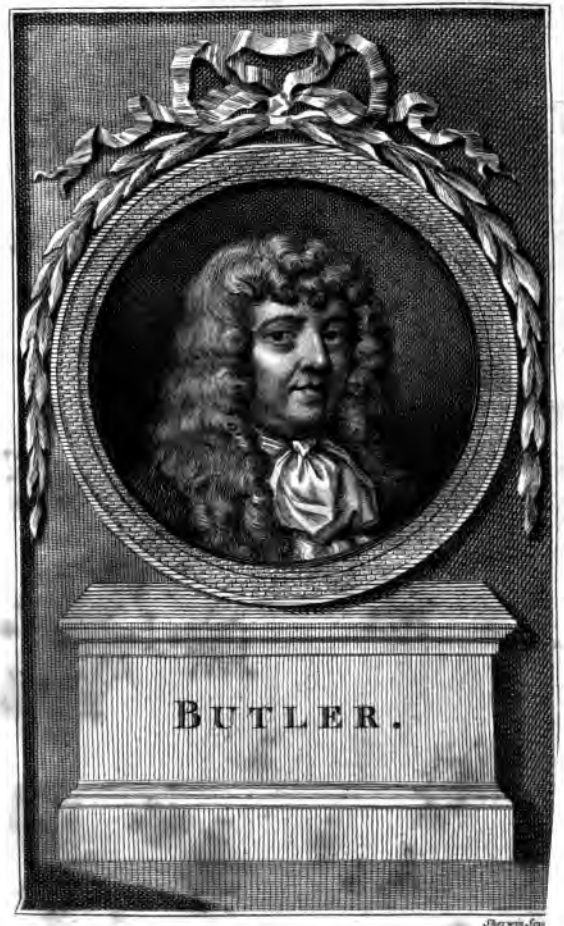
BUTLER.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF BUTLER.

VOLUME I.

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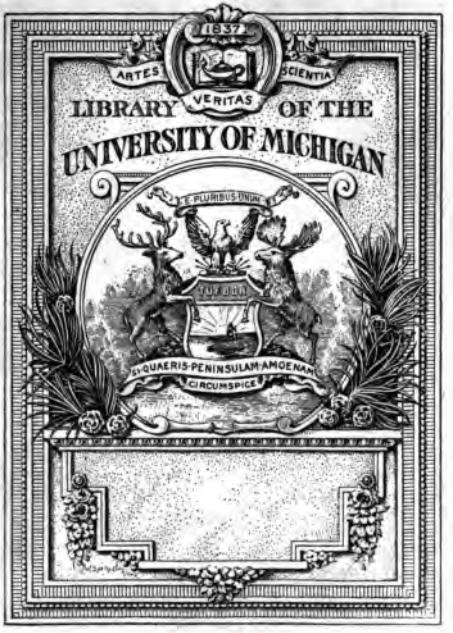
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A. 1. 6.

When hard words, jealouſies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;
Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Goſpel-trumpeter, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle ſounded;
And pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight

Ver. 3.] By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words uſed by the Preſbyterians and ſectaries of thoſe times; ſuch as Goſpel-walking, Goſpel-preaching, Soul-ſaving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predeſtinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themſelves.

Ver. 11, 12.] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fiſts, as if they were beating a drum.

Ver. 13.] Our Author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dreſſed him in all kinds of fantaſtic colours, and put many characters together to finiſh him a perfect coxcomb.

Ver. 14.] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament-army, but alſo Scoutmaſter-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us ſome light into his character and conduct; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and ſanctified reſolutions for the good of his country. His

pere-

A wight he was, whoſe very ſight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worſhipful on ſhoulder-blade;
Chief of domeſtic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the ſaddle,
That could as well bind o'er as ſwaddle;
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of War, as well as Peace
(So ſome rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water):
But here our Authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout:
Some hold the one, and ſome the other,
But, howſoe'er they make a pother,

The

peregrinations are ſo conſiſtent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The ſucceeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces, but here the Poet ſeems impatient till he get into the deſcription and character of his hero.

Ver. 17, 18.] i. e. He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but ſeldom upon any other occaſion.

Ver. 22.] *Chartel* is a challenge to a duel.

Ver. 23.] In this character of Hudibras all the abuſes of human learning are finely ſatirized: philoſophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphyſics, and ſchool-divinity.

The difference was ſo ſmall, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir Hudibras
(For that 's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write):
But they 're miſtaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unleſs on holy-days, or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſide 'tis known he could ſpeak Greek
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle:
Being rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;

But

Ver. 55, 56.] This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates moſt learnedly amongſt illiterate perſons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages there, where he is ſure to be admired, *though not* underſtood.

But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they 're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd;
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytic;
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt ſouth and ſouth-weſt ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man 's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;

A calf.

Ver. 62.] Here is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,

And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps,

are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly ſo perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Chriſtian's caſe.

Reſtored in the edition of 1704.

A calf an alderman, a gooſe a juſtice,
And rooks Committee-men and Truſtees.
He'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by ſyllogiſm, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Elſe when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;

For

Ver. 75.] Such was Alderman Pennington, who ſent a perſon to Newgate for ſinging (what he called) *a malignant pſalm.*

Ibid.—] Lord Clarendon obſerves, "That after the "declaration of No more Addreſſes to the King, they "who were not above the condition of ordinary con- "ſtables ſix or ſeven years before, were now the juſ- "tices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, That the "town of Chelmsford in Eſſex was governed, "at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two "coblers, two tailors, and two pedlars."

Ver. 76.] In the ſeveral counties, eſpecially the Aſſociated ones (Middleſex, Kent, Surrey, Suſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeſhire) which ſided with the Parliament, Committees were erected of ſuch men as were for the Good Cauſe, as they called it, who *had* authority, from the members of the two Houſes at *Weſtminſter*, to fine and impriſon whom they pleaſed.

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhow 't, his ſpeech,
In loftineſs of ſound, was rich;
A Babyloniſh dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas Engliſh cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fuſtian heretofore on ſattin;
It had an old promiſcuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himſelf pronounce
A leaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent:
And truly, to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on;

And

Ver. 109.] The Preſbyterians coined a great number, ſuch as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingneſs, Workings-out, Goſpel-waking-times, &c. which we ſhall meet with hereafter, in the ſpeeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead.

And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-ſtones
When he harangued, but known his phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric ſcale,
Could take the ſize of pots of ale;
Reſolve by ſines and tangents ſtraight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does ſtrike, by Algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
And had read every text and gloſs over;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,
He underſtood b' implicit faith:

Whatever

Ver. 115.] This and the three following lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in the edit. 1674. Demoſthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his ſpeech.

Ver. 120.] An eminent Daniſh mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer ofthoſe times.

Ver. 129.] This and the following line not in the two firſt editions of 1664, and firſt inſerted in that of 1674.

Whatever ſceptic could enquire for,
For every Why he had a Wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abſtracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphyſic wit can fly:
In ſchool-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;

A ſecond

Ver. 131. *Enquire.*] *Inquere*, in all editions to 1689, incluſive.

Ver. 152. *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, ſo called; he was an Engliſhman, born in Glouceſterſhire, and flouriſhed about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which ſcience he was ſo deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*; that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whoſe arguments could not be reſiſted.

A ſecond Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce:

Profound

Ver. 153, 154. *Dunce.*] Thus they ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1664, left out in thoſe of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and not reſtored till 1704. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, ſtudied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the ſchool-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle* of divines. The moſt illuſtrious perſons of his time were ambitious of his friendſhip, and put a high value on his merits, ſo that they offered him biſhopricks, which he refuſed with as much ardour as others ſeek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 volumes, ſeveral times printed.

Johannes Dunſcotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The Engliſh and Scots ſtrive which of them ſhall have the honour of his birth. The Engliſh ſay he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunſe in the Merſe, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunſcotus*: Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch hiſtorians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia ſuſcepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the *Supplement* to Dr. Cave's *Hiſtoria Literaria*, he is ſaid to be extraordinary learned in phyſics, metaphyſics, mathematics, and aſtronomy; that his fame was ſo great when at Oxford, that 30,000 ſcholars came thither to

hear

Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of ſand could twiſt
As tough as learned Sorboniſt,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for ſcull
That 's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve them in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,

Only

hear his lectures; that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Bleſſed Virgin, ſo that they appointed a feſtival on that account, and would admit no ſcholars to degrees but ſuch as were of this mind. He was a great oppoſer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine: and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the reaſon alſo that an old punſter always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Ver. 155, 156.] Gulielmus Occham was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Dunſcotus of the Reals. Theſe two lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

Ver. 157, 158.] Altered thus in edit. 1674, and continued till 1704.

And with as delicate a hand,
Could twiſt as tough a rope of ſand.

Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woeful proof we find
They always leave a ſcar behind.
He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or elſe above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who firſt made muſic malleable;
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloſs or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſs the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas

Ver. 181.] Several of the Ancients have ſuppoſed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Biſhop Cumberland was of this opinion.

Ver. 189.] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion; it was neceſſary that he ſhould be ſo, that the reader might judge whether he was a *proper perſon* to ſet up for a Reformer, and whether the

'Twas Preſbyterian true blue;
For he was of that ſtubborn crew
Of errant ſaints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controverſies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apoſtolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and ſword, and deſolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,

Which

religion he profeſſed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demoliſh. Whether the Poet has been juſt in the pourtrait muſt be left to every reader's obſervation.

Ver. 193, 194.] Where Preſbytery has been eſtabliſhed, it has been uſually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was eſtabliſhed at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for ſome time, by that means, it obtained a toleration: much blood was ſhed to get it eſtabliſhed in England; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it ſeemed very near gaining an eſtabliſhment here.

Ver. 195, 196.] Upon theſe Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for when his Majeſty aſked him for a ſight of his inſtructions, Joyce ſaid, He ſhould ſee them preſently; and ſo drawing up his troop in the inward court, "Theſe, Sir, (ſaid the Cornet) are my inſtructions."

Ver. 199, 200.] Many inſtances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his *Sufferings* of the Epiſcopal Clergy.

Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended:
A ſect whoſe chief devotion lies
In odd perverſe antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs;
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetick,
Than dog diſtract, or monkey ſick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for ſins they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhip'd God for ſpite:
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow:

All

Ver. 207, 208.] The religion of the Preſbyterians of thoſe times conſiſted principally in an oppoſition to the Church of England, and in quarreling with the moſt innocent cuſtoms then in uſe, as the eating Chriſtmas-pies and plum-porridge at Chriſtmas, which they reputed ſinful.

Ver. 213, 214.] They were ſo remarkably obſtinate in this reſpect, that they kept a faſt upon Chriſtmas day.

Ver. 215, 216.] Added in 1674.

All piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all ſin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and gooſe itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme cuſtard through the noſe.
Th' apoſtles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were aſs and widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper, was ſo linkt,
As if hypocriſy and nonſenſe
Had got th' advowſon of his conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus.

His

Ver. 235, 236.] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable inſtance of a fanatical conſcience in a captain who was invited by a ſoldier to eat part of a gooſe with him; but refuſed, becauſe, he ſaid, it was ſtolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no ſtolen gooſe, made no ſcruple to ride away upon a ſtolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave ſufficient teſtimony to the world that the old Phariſee and new Puritan have conſciences of the ſelf-ſame temper, "To ſtrain at a gnat, and ſwallow "a camel.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and dye ſo like a tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
The hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of ſceptres and of crowns;
With griſly type did repreſent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic ſpade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samſon's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal:
It was monaſtic, and did grow
In holy orders by ſtrict vow;
Of rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twa

Ver. 241.] Mr. Butler, in his deſcription of Hudibras's beard, ſeems to have had an eye to Jaques' deſcription of the Country Juſtice, in Shakeſpeare's play *As you like it*. It may be aſked, why the Poet is ſo particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The anſwer ſeems to be plain; the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had ſubdued the King; hence it became neceſſary to have it fully deſcribed.

Ver. 257. It was *monaſtic*.] Altered to *canonic*, 1674. *Reſtored*, 1704.

'Twas bound to ſuffer perſecution,
And martyrdom, with reſolution;
T' oppoſe itſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed ſtate,
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to ſtand faſt
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt;
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A ſacrifice to fall of ſtate,
Whoſe thread of life the Fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiſkers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that Time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever,
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,

Cut

Ver. 281.] Gaſper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, *A. D.* 1553, and was Profeſſor of Phyſic and Surgery there. He died 1599. His ſtatue ſtands in the Anatomy Theatre, holding a noſe in its hand. He wrote a treatiſe in Latin called *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noſes, ears, lips, &c. with the proper inſtruments and bandages. This book has paſſed through *two* editions.

Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Would laſt as long as parent breech,
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the ſympathetic ſnout.
His back, or rather burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his ſire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire,
Our Knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A paunch of the ſame bulk before,
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his hoſe we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of ſturdy buff,
And though not ſword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
Who fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of Bullen;
To old King Harry ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own:

Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheeſe,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood;
For, as we ſaid, he always choſe
To carry vittle in his hoſe,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to ſurpriſe;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on 't ſtood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till th' were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights-errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough deſerts vaſt,
And regions deſolate, they paſt,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there 's not one word
Of their proviſion on record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs but to fight.

'Tis

Ver. 319.] This and the ſeven following lines are not in the two firſt editions of 1663, and added in that of 1674.

'Tis falſe; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round trunk hoſe,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their breakfaſts, or their nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt,
As learned authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.
His puiſſant ſword unto his ſide,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With baſket-hilt that would hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To ſhoot at foes, and ſometimes pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, Toledo truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſomebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful ſcabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas ſo manful,

And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhow its face.
In many deſperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading ſhoulder:
Oft had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And priſoners too, or made them run.
This ſword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a ſerviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouſe-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and ſo forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.
In th' holſters, at his ſaddle-bow,
Two aged piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he could not get:
Theſe would inveigle rats with th' ſcent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,

And ſometimes catch them with a ſnap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap:
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
  Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on th' outſide of his horſe:
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his ſaddle on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort, h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſperate toe;
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the ſaddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength, and heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of rein.
  But now we talk of mounting ſteed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would ſay eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none.

He was well ſtay'd, and in his gait
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtic ſtate;
At ſpur or ſwitch no more he ſkipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet ſo fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæſar's horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft;
And as that beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras's ('tis well known)
Would often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His ſtrutting ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plow'd;
For underneath the ſkirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender ſide he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one ſpur,
As wiſely knowing could he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of 's horſe,
The other would not hang an arſe.

A Squire

A Squire he had whoſe name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre ſafe,
We'll call him ſo; if not, plain Raph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes.)
An equal ſtock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With ſubtle ſhreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a caſtle fair
To his great anceſtor, her heir;
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Againſt the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited paſs
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:

His

Ver. 457.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange (*Key to Hudibras*) ſays, This famous Squire was one Iſaac Robinſon, a zealous butcher in Moor-fields, who was always contriving ſome new querpo cut in church government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burleſque poem, of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. it is obſerved, "That "Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble a tailor, and one "of the Committee of Sequeſtrators."

His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and ſome New-light;
A liberal art, that coſts no pains
Of ſtudy, induſtry, or brains.
His wit was ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—"To and from my love"—it lookt.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth,
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But, as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too:
For ſaints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd ſtuff,

He

Ver. 485.] *His* wits were *ſent him*, in all editions to 1704 incluſive.

Ver. 487. 488.] Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of ſilver was as common as ſixpences or ſhillings, and theſe ninepences were uſually bent as ſixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, "To my love, and From my love;" and ſuch ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or ſent to their ſweethearts as tokens of love.

He could deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their way,
Whate'er men ſpeak by this New-light,
Still they are ſure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lantern of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for ſalvation,
And fiſh to catch regeneration.
This light inſpires and plays upon
The noſe of ſaint, like bag-pipe drone,
And ſpeaks, through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a trunk, or whiſpering-hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpirit'al eaves-droppers can hear:
So Phœbus, or ſome friendly Muſe,
Into ſmall poets ſong infuſe,
Which they at ſecond-hand rehearſe,
Through reed or bagpipe, verſe for verſe.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,

The

Ver. 511.] Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was, *probably*, an Anabaptiſt or Dipper.

The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For myſtic learning, wondrous able
In magic, taliſman, and cabal,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's firſt green breeches;
Deep-ſighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could ſay;
A deep occult philoſopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Iriſh are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd:
He Anthropoſophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, underſtood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Roſicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He underſtood the ſpeech of birds
As well as they themſelves do words;
Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water,

Of

Ver. 546.] Alluding to the Philoſopher's Stone.

Of ſovereign power to make men wiſe;
For, dropt in blear thick-ſighted eyes,
They 'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had Firſt Matter ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd;
Not that of Paſteboard, which men ſhew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandſire, firſt o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger houſe to Puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs:

As

Ver. 573.] The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following inſtance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, miniſter of Denham in Suffolk: "O my good Lord God, I praiſe thee "for diſcovering the laſt week, in the day-time, a vi-"ſion, that there were two great armies about York, "one of the malignant party about the King, the "other party Parliament and profeſſors; and the bet-"ter ſide ſhould have help from Heaven againſt the "worſt;

As death of great men, alterations,
Diſeaſes, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipſe of th' ſun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood:
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge;
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and ſway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They 'll ſearch a planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below;

Examine

" worſt; about, or at which inſtant of time, we heard " the ſoldiers at York had raiſed up a ſconce againſt " Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces againſt Hull; " againſt which fort Sir John Hotham, Keeper of " Hull, by a garriſon, diſcharged four great ordnance, " and broke down their ſconce, and killed divers Ca- " valiers in it.—Lord, I praiſe thee for diſcovering this " victory, at the inſtant of time that it was done, to " my wife, which did then preſently confirm her droop- " ing heart, which the laſt week had been dejected " three or four days, and no arguments could comfort " her againſt the dangerous times approaching; but " when ſhe had prayed to be eſtabliſhed in faith in thee, " then preſently thou didſt, by this viſion, ſtrongly " poſſeſs her ſoul that thine and our enemies ſhould be " overcome."

Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon;
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They 'll queſtion Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confeſs, and 'peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They 'll find, i' th' phyſiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's deſtinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' pill,
Caſt the nativity o' th' queſtion,
And from poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They 'll feel the pulſes of the ſtars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
And tell what criſis does divine
The rot in ſheep, or mange in ſwine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wiſe, for only' of thoſe
The ſtars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the aſtrologians:
There they ſay right, and like true Trojans.

This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.
Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge perilous ſhrewd:
Never did truſty ſquire with knight,
Or knight with ſquire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they ſally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome Muſe;
However critics count it fillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They 're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in ſpite
Of Nature, and their ſtars, to write;
Who (as we find in ſullen writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern wits)

With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praiſes of the author, penn'd
B' himſelf, or wit-inſuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men ſcribble without ſkill;
Canſt make a poet, ſpite of Fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate,
Though out of languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech;
Aſſiſt me but this once, I' mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.
In weſtern clime there is a town,
To thoſe that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be ſaid here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not underſtood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,

And

Ver. 665.] Brentford, which is eight miles weſt from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II. Cant. iii. Ver. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befel him there:

And though you overcame the Bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle.

And to crack'd fiddle and hoarſe tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a ſport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold adventurous exerciſe,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Iſthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That 's fix'd in northern hemiſphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at ſtake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the bear's name (as is the faſhion
According

Ver. 678.] This game is uſhered into the Poem with more ſolemnity than thoſe celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, ſo it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the deſcription: and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly ſuitable to the nature of theſe adventures; and, conſequently, to a Briton, preferable to thoſe in Homer or Virgil?

Ver. 689, 690.] Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordſhire; where ſolemn proclamation was made by the Steward, before the bull was turned

According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty foot of ſtake of bear,
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour 's got by ſuch a maim,
Although the bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own coſt,
That he intends to keep his poſt.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way);
Thither the Knight his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
As he believ'd h' was bound to do
In conſcience and commiſſion too;
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire:
We that are wiſely mounted higher

Than

looſe; "That all manner of perſons give way to the "bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, "any way to hinder the minſtrels, but to attend his or "their own ſafety, every one at his peril." See Dr. Plot's *Staffordſhire*.

Ver. 714.] This ſpeech is ſet down, as it was delivered

Than conſtables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we ſit,
Like ſpeculators ſhould foreſee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended miſchiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tything-men;
And therefore being inform'd by bruit
That Dog and Bear are to diſpute,
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To ſave th' expence of Chriſtian blood,

And

vered by the Knight, in his own words: but ſince it is below the gravity of Heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to ſpeak wiſely alike, and too much of ſo extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the reſt of his harangues have only his ſenſe expreſſed in other words, unleſs in ſome few places, where his own words could not be ſo well avoided.

Ver. 715.] Had that remarkable motion in the Houſe of Commons taken place, the Conſtables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at leaſt; "That it was neceſſary for the Houſe of Commons to "have a High Conſtable of their own, that will make "no ſcruple of laying his Majeſty by the heels;" but they proceeded not ſo far as to name any body; becauſe Harry Martyn (out of tenderneſs of conſcience in this particular) immediately quaſhed the motion, by ſaying, the power was too great for any man.

And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compoſe
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at ſtake
For Covenant and the Cauſe's ſake?

Ver. 736.] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was firſt framed and taken by the Scottiſh Parliament, and by them ſent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more cloſely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houſes, and by the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every perſon was bound to give his conſent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

Ibid.—*and Cauſe's ſake.*] Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to "contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to "bring in their brethren of Scotland for ſettling of "God's cauſe: I ſay (quoth he) this is God's cauſe; "and if our God hath any cauſe, this is it; and if "this be not God's cauſe, then God is no god for me; "but the Devil is got up into heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his ſpeech at Guildhall, 1643, ſays, "I may truly "ſay, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives "as hairs on my head, I would be willing to ſacrifice "all theſe lives in this cauſe;"

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws,
To ſet up an idol, then nick-nam'd The Cauſe,
Like Bell and Dragon to gorge their own maws;

as it is expreſſed in "The Rump Carbonaded."

But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This feud, by Jeſuits invented,
By evil counſel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though every nare olfact it not)
And deep deſign in 't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By ſetting brother againſt brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own ſelves, without cauſe?
That ſome occult deſign doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh myſelf a pſeudo-prophet,
But ſure ſome miſchief will come of it,
Unleſs by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt,
Can beaſt have to encounter beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed Cauſe,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant nor Proteſtation,

Nor liberty of Conſciences,
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil Counſellors to bring
To juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worſhip'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and ſome
For that church ſuffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.

They

Ver. 765.] *Nor* for free *Liberty of* Conſcience. Thus the two firſt editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674, and all the ſubſequent editions; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worſe; *free liberty* being a moſt beautiful and ſatirical periphraſis for licentiouſneſs, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

Ver. 766.] The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they publiſhed it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and ſometimes, An Ordinance of Parliament.

They have more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo:
But we, who only do infuſe
The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
'Tis our example that inſtils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, beaſts that converſe
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Juſt ſo, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the Chriſtian brethren,
They ſew'd them in the ſkins of bears,
And then ſet dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichriſtian game.
To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point ſeems very plain to me;
It is an antichriſtian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there 's no ſuch word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a ſin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) The thing:
A vile aſſembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than

Provincial,

Provincial, Claſſic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatſoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No leſs than worſhipping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I ſmell a rat;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate:
For though the theſis which thou lay'ſt
Be true *ad amuſſim*, as thou ſay'ſt;
(For that Bear-baiting ſhould appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou doſt deny
Totidem verbis, ſo do I)
Yet there 's a fallacy in this;
For if by ſly *hypæoſis*,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to ſtur a f—t,
Thou wouldſt ſophiſtically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In goſpel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or Parochial Claſſis;

And

Ver. 831, 832.] Theſe two lines left out in the editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and reſtored 1704.

And that both are ſo near of kin,
And like in all, as well as ſin,
That, put them in a bag, and ſhake them,
Yourſelf o' th' ſudden would miſtake them,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their wickedneſs;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, though I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id eſt, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou wilt at beſt but ſuck a bull,
Or ſhear ſwine, all cry, and no wool;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that 's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church affairs with Bear-bait'ng?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is
Of things *ejuſdem generis*:

And

Ver. 851.] This and the following line thus altered 1674,

Thou canſt at beſt but overſtrain
A paradox, and thy own brain.

Thus they continued in the editions 1684, 1689, 1700. Reſtored in 1704, in the following blundering manner,

Thou 'lt be at beſt but ſuch a bull, &c.

and the blunder continued in all the editions till Dr. Gray's.

And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for bears as they;
For we are animals no leſs,
Although of different ſpecieſes.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the caſe:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and ſuch as ſuit
Another manner of diſpute:
A controverſy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we muſt manage at a rate
Of proweſs and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promiſe,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
We 're ſlurr'd and outed by ſucceſs;
Succeſs, the mark no mortal wit,
Or ſureſt hand, can always hit:
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are ſteer'd by Fate,
Which in ſucceſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious cauſes, nobleſt merits.

Great

Ver. 860. *Include*, &c.] in the two firſt editions of 1663,
Comprehend them incluſive both.
Ver. 862.] *As* likely, in the two firſt editions.

Great actions are not always true ſons
Of great and mighty reſolutions;
Nor do the bold'ſt attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their worth;
But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have borne us out;
Which though they 're known to be ſo ample,
We need not copy from example;
We 're not the only perſon durſt
Attempt this province, nor the firſt.
In northern clime a valourous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler: we have both
Of theſe the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis ſ[illegible]here is a valiant Mamaluke,
In fo[illegible]land yclep'd ———;
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For perſon, parts, addreſs, and beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame cauſe both have fought;

He

Ver. 904.] The writers of the *General Hiſtorical Dictionary*, vol. vi. p. 291, imagine, "That the chaſm "here is to be filled with the words *Sir Samuel Luke*, "becauſe the line before it is of ten ſyllables, and the "meaſure of the verſe generally uſed in this Poem is "of eight."

He oft in ſuch attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs:
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal reſolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With briſk attempt and putting on;
With entering manfully, and urging;
Not ſlow approaches, like a virgin.
This ſaid, as erſt the Phrygian knight,
So our's, with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His Trojan horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach grean'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen, with armed heel,
A wight beſtride a Common-weal,
While ſtill, the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen jade has ſtirr'd.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies beſt men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler priſoner,
Conveys him to inchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden Baſtile.

THERE was an ancient ſage philoſopher
That had read Alexander Roſs over,
And ſwore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Juſt ſo Romances are, for what elſe
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' firſt of theſe w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns juſt fight,

Certes

Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze
To build a palace in the place)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A man that 's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit;
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroy'd:
For when a giant 's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he 's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert,

And never coin a formal lie on 't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profeſt, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to ſay, whether tollutation,
As they do term 't, or ſuccuſſation)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how;
Yet ſome, from ſubtle hints, have got
Myſterious light it was a trot:
But let that paſs; they now begun
To ſpur their living engines on:
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals;
So horſes they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry,
And were invented firſt from engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was ſaying,
They their live engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharſalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant cattle
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of ſteed beheld.

For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he,
Rais'd on his aged beaſt, could ſee;
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers and their order,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he ſtopp'd his willing ſteed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and ſteel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.
His death-charg'd piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free 's ſword from retentive ſcabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd tuck:

Ver. 74. *Rais'd* on, &c.] *From off*, in the two editions of 1663.

Ver. 85, 86.] Thus altered, 1674,

Courage within, and ſteel without,
To give and to receive a rout.

Ver. 92.] Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that proweſs
In ſcabbard of his arms ſat looſe;
And, rais'd upon his deſperate foot,
On ſtirrup-ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing ſtar,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than Hugo in the foreſt did;
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

Inſtead

Ver. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

The Squire advanc'd with greater ſpeed
Than could b' expected from his ſteed.

Reſtored in 1704.

Ver. 101, 102.] *But* with a great deal *more* return'd —*For now the foe he had* diſcern'd—In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 106.] So called, from *croud*, a fiddle. This was one Jackſon, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the ſervice of the Roundheads, and had loſt a leg in it; this brought him to decay, ſo that he was obliged to ſcrape upon a fiddle, from one alehouſe to another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciouſly places him at the head of his catalogue; for country diverſions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper. I would

Inſtead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets valour ſharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar.
(For if a trumpet ſound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial friends, the knot of nooſe:
For 'tis great grace, when ſtateſmen ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the ſtrings,
Which was but ſouſe to chitterlings:
For guts, ſome write, ere they are ſodden,
Are fit for muſic or for pudden;
From whence men borrow every kind
Of minſtrelſy by ſtring or wind.
His griſly beard was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his fiddle-ſtick;
For he to horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his beard.

obſerve in this place, that we have the exact cha
of the uſual attendants at a bear-baiting fully d
and a catalogue of warriors, conformable to the
tice of Epic poets.

In Staffordſhire, where virtuous worth
Does raiſe the minſtrelſy, not birth,
Where bulls do chuſe the boldeſt king
And ruler o'er the men of ſtring
(As once in Perſia, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horſe that neigh'd).
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a ſhip in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber 's propt,
Eſteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.
  Next march'd brave Orſin, famous for
Wiſe conduct, and ſucceſs in war;
A ſkilful leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhal to the champion Bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the liſts he led;
With ſolemn march, and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spaniſh potentate, Don Diego.

This

Ver. 147. *Next* march'd *brave Orſin.*] *Next follow'd*, in the two firſt editions of 1663. Joſhua Goſling, who kept bears at Paris-garden in Southwark. However, ſays Sir Roger, he ſtood hard and faſt for the Rump Parliament.

This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat:
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back, and retreat as well.
So lawyers, left the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, ſhould make an end on 't,
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverſe of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry Whoop, and ſet them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military garden Paris:
For ſoldiers, heretofore, did grow
In gardens juſt as weeds do now,
Until ſome ſplay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
For licenſing a new invention
They 'ad found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And

Ver. 159, 160.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well.

Pell-mell, i. e. confuſedly, without order.

And leave th' herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quoth Stateſman; Yes, an 't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known, you 'll ſay 'tis eaſy:
Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo:
We 'll beat a drum, and they 'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that 's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and inſtrument
We are th' undoubted preſident,
We ſuch loud muſic do not profeſs,
The Devil 's maſter of that office,
Where it muſt paſs; if 't be a drum,
He 'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*;
To him apply yourſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo; but it prov'd ſo ill,
They 'ad better let them grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout Orſin;
That which ſo oft by ſundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters,
More juſtly may be aſcrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, *(viz.)*.

None

Ver. 194.] The Houſe of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the Houſe of Lords, uſurped many branches of the Royal Prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a ſoldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high
For ſplendour and antiquity,
And from celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their baſe-births might be hid
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himſelf, and others
O' th' Gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions
(Of which old Homer firſt made lampoons)
Arctophylax, in northern ſphere,
Was his undoubted anceſtor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his ſide a pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would ſolder;
By ſkilful chemiſt, with great coſt,
Extracted from a rotten poſt;
But of a heavenlier influence
Than that which mountebanks diſpenſe;
Though

Ver. 211.] This is one inſtance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly *the other way.*

Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when ſlovens do amiſs
At others' doors, by ſtool or piſs,
The learned write, a red-hot ſpit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.
  Thus virtuous Orſin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, ſung long ſince,
A ſkilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his ſkill,
No leſs than dint of ſword, could kill.
  The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his noſe, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed,

Ver. 238. *Unto the* part, &c.] Unto the *breech*, in the two firſt editions 1663.

Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Diſeaſe, nor doctor epidemic,
Though ſtor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a colony
To both the under worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe, if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred with vile bungling.
Next theſe the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orſin he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung he got but little by 't:
Yet he was fierce as foreſt-boar,
Whoſe ſpoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The fury of his armed fiſt;

Ver. 331.] Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an dependent preacher as Burroughs; who, with e blaſphemy to his Lord of Hoſts, would ſtyle O *Cromwell the* Archangel giving battle to the Devi

Nor could the hardeſt ir'n hold out
Againſt his blows, but they would through 't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen-head;
Profoundly ſkill'd in the black art,
As Engliſh Merlin for his heart;
But far more ſkilful in the ſpheres,
Than he was at the ſieve and ſhears.
He could transform himſelf in colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like the hypocrites, in ſhow,
Are to true ſaints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick diſpatch of ſlaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuſs, and ſaker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thruſt, the other ſtrike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burniſh'd armour of her knight;

A bold

Ver. 365.] The daughter of James Spenſer, debauched by Magnano the tinker. So called, becauſe the tinker's wife or miſtreſs was commonly called his *trull*. See "The Coxcomb," a Comedy.

A bold virago, ſtout and tall,
As Joan of France, or Engliſh Mall:
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin ſhe follow'd him
In every adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook:
At breach of wall, or hedge ſurpriſe,
She ſhar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herſelf with matchleſs courage,
And laid about in fight more buſily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthefile.
And though ſome critics here cry ſhame,
And ſay our authors are to blame,
That (ſpite of all philoſophers,
Who hold no females ſtout but bears,
And heretofore did ſo abhor
That women ſhould pretend to war,
They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt dame
To ſwear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;

T

Ver. 368.] Alluding, probably, to Mary Carlto called *Kentiſh Moll*, but more commonly *The Germa Princeſs*; a perſon notorious at the time this Firſt Pa of Hudibras was publiſhed. She was tranſported Jamaica 1671; but returning from tranſportation t ſoon, ſhe was hanged at Tyburn Jan. 22, 1672-3.

Ver. 382.] This and the three following lines n *in the two firſt editions of 1663.*

To lay their native arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride aſtride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout Armida, bold Thaleſtris,
And ſhe that would have been the miſtreſs
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country laſs;
They ſay 'tis falſe without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe;
Strip Nature naked to the ſkin,
You 'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that 's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen 't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We 'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'ſt:

Cerdon

Ver. 409. *Cerdon*] A one-eyed cobler, like his brother Colonel Hewſon. The Poet obſerves, that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into ſuch rough company? No; it is probable he had but newly ſet up the trade of a Teacher; and we may conclude that the Poet did not think that he had ſo much ſanctity as to debar him the pleaſure of his beloved diverſion of Bear-baiting.

Cerdon the Great, renown'd in ſong,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide:
Ill has he read that never hit
On him in Muſes' deathleſs writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide ſhield would pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece's,
With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was comrade in the ten-years' war:
For when the reſtleſs Greeks ſat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-ſol'd boots no leſs than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of faſhion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate, and quote;
But preaching was his chiefeſt talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,

He

Ver. 435.] Mechanics of all ſorts were then Preachers, and ſome of them much followed and admired

He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like ram or bull at Conventicle:

For

mired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Chriſtian "Reader," (ſays Dr. Featley, preface to his *Dipper dipp'd*, wrote 1645, and publiſhed 1647, p. 1.) "This "new year of new changes, never heard of in former "ages, namely, of ſtables turned into temples, and I "will beg leave to add, temples turned into ſtables "(as was that of St. Paul's, and many more), ſtalls "into quires, ſhopboards into communion-tables, tubs "into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mecha-"nics of the loweſt rank into prieſts of the high places. "—I wonder that our door-poſts and walls ſweat not, "upon which ſuch notes as theſe have been lately af-"fixed; on ſuch a day, ſuch a brewer's clerk exer-"ciſeth; ſuch a tailor expoundeth; ſuch a waterman "teacheth.—If cooks, inſtead of mincing their meat, "fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up "from the ſhopboard into the pulpit, and patch up "ſermons out of ſtolen ſhreds; if not only of the loweſt "of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, prieſts are con-"ſecrated to the Moſt High God—Do we marvel to "ſee ſuch confuſion in the Church as there is!" They are humourouſly girded in a tract entitled, *The Reformado, preciſely character'd; by a modern Church-warden*, p. 11. "Here are felt-makers (ſays he) who can "roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral dimi-"caſters of the world; coblers who can give good "rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a "briſtle; coachmen who know how to laſh the beaſtly "enormities, and curb the headſtrong inſolences of "this brutiſh age, ſtoutly exhorting us to ſtand up for "the truth, leſt the wheel of deſtruction roundly over-"run us. We have weavers that can ſweetly inform

For diſputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that ſpring from ſculls.
Laſt Colon came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal ſtar;
Right expert in command of horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horſe were of a piece;
One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on man's fleſh, as fame goes:
Strange food for horſe! and, yet, alas!
It may be true, for fleſh is graſs.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than Hercules to clean a ſtable;

As

" us of the ſhuttle ſwiftneſs of the times, and practi-
" cally tread out the viciſſitude of all ſublunary things
" till the web of our life be cut off: and here are me-
" chanics, of my profeſſion, who can ſeparate the
" pieces of ſalvation from thoſe of damnation, mea-
" ſure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a
" thread, ſubſtantially preſſing the points, till they
" have faſhionably filled up their work with a well-bot-
" tomed concluſion."

ver. 441. *Colon.*] Ned Perry, an hoſtler.

As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf and his leſs cruel ſteed.
It was a queſtion whether he
Or 's horſe were of a family
More worſhipful; till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almoſt por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The buſineſs on the horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only horſe, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.
Theſe worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of ſeveral counties round about,
From villages remote, and ſhires
Of eaſt and weſtern hemiſpheres.
From foreign pariſhes and regions,
Of different manners, ſpeech, religions,
Came men and maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For fame and honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the field of death, the liſts,
Were enter'd by antagoniſts,

And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haſte approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack them;
But firſt thus from his horſe beſpake them.
What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to theſe dire actions hurry?
What œſtrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghoſt?
What towns, what garriſons, might you,
With hazard of this blood, ſubdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall ſaints in civil bloodſhed wallow
Of ſaints, and let the Cauſe lie fallow?
The Cauſe, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o'er?
Then becauſe quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With oaths and ſwearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will ſeem a mere God-dam-me rant,
And

Ver. 495.] *Oeſtrum* ſignifies the gad-bee or horſe-fly.

Ver. 497.] Sir W. Waller was defeated at the Deviſes.

Ver. 503, 504.] Mr. Walker obſerves, "That all "the cheating, covetous, ambitious perſons of the "land, were united together under the title of the "Godly, the Saints, and ſhared the fat of the land "between them;" and he calls them the Saints who were canonized no where but in the Devil's Calendar.

And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing,
Some will not ſtick to ſwear, we do
For God and for Religion too;
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treaſure that 's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the fruits o' th' Proteſtation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the ſaints, and ſome, ſince martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members' quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the Town
Join throats to cry the Biſhops down?

Who

Ver. 513, 514.] The Preſbyterians, in all their wars againſt the King, maintained ſtill, That they fought for him; for they pretended to diſtinguiſh his political perſon from his natural one; his political perſon, they ſaid, muſt be, and was, with the Parliament, though his natural perſon was at war with them.

Ver. 530.] Good Lord (ſays the *True Informer*, p. 12.) "what a deal of dirt was thrown in the Biſhops' faces!—what infamous ballads were ſung! what a thick cloud of epidemical hatred hung ſuddenly over them! ſo far, that a dog with a black and white face was called a *Biſhop*."

Who having round begirt the palace
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching kettle;
No ſow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
The oyſter-women lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away, to cry No Biſhop;
The mouſe-trap-men laid ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt Ev'l Counſellors did cry;
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cry'd the Covenant, inſtead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And ſome for brooms, old boots, and ſhoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-Houſe:
Inſtead of kitchen-ſtuff, ſome cry
A Goſpel-preaching Miniſtry;
And ſome for old ſuits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.

And

Ver. 553, 554.] Thoſe flights, which ſeem moſt extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in their *Large Declaration*, 1637, p. 41.) begin their petition againſt the Common Prayer-book thus:—"We men, women, and children, "and ſervants, having conſidered, &c." *Foulis's Hiſt. of Wicked Plots.*

And is this all? Is this the end
To which theſe Carryings-on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all ſorts of ware,
And run int' every tradeſman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cauſe had need on't,
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin piſs-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horſe and dragoons?
And into pikes and muſqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a ſpoon,
Did ſtart up living men, as ſoon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the dragon's teeth being ſown.
Then was the Cauſe of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' offerings, conſecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell proſtrate, to adore it:
So ſay the Wicked—and will you
Make that ſarcaſmous ſcandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean than calves or ſteers?
Have powerful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themſelves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and ſin'ſter,
I' th' power of Goſpel-preaching Min'ſter?

Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd

Ver. 589.] It was a common practice to inform God of the tranſactions of the times. "Oh, my good Lord "God (ſays Mr. G. Swathe, *Prayers*, p. 12.) I hear "the King hath ſet up his ſtandard at York againſt "the Parliament and city of London.—Look thou "upon them, take their cauſe into thine own hand; "appear thou in the cauſe of thy Saints, the cauſe in "hand—It is thy cauſe, Lord. We know that the "King is miſled, deluded, and deceived by his Popiſh, "Arminian, and temporizing, rebellious malignant "faction and party, &c."—"They would (ſays Dr. "Echard) in their prayers and ſermons tell God, that "they would be willing to be at any charge or trouble "for him, and to do, as it were, any kindneſs for the "Lord; the Lord might now truſt them, and rely upon "them, they ſhould not fail him: they ſhould not be "unmindful of his buſineſs; his work ſhould not ſtand "ſtill, nor his deſigns be neglected. They muſt needs "ſay, that they had formerly received ſome favours "from God, and have been, as it were, beholden to "the Almighty; but they did not much queſtion but "they ſhould find ſome opportunity of making ſome "amends for the many good things, and (as I may "ſo ſay) civilities which they had received from him. "Indeed, as for thoſe that are weak in the Faith, and "are yet but babes in Chriſt, it is fit that they ſhould "keep at ſome diſtance from God, ſhould kneel before "him, and ſtand (as I may ſay) cap in hand to the

Diſcover'd the Enemy's deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the news o' th' laſt expreſs,
And after good or bad ſucceſs
Made prayers, not ſo like petitions
As overtures and propoſitions
(Such as the Army did preſent
To their Creator, the Parl'ament);
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot acquieſce,
Unleſs

" Almighty: but as for thoſe that are ſtrong in all " Gifts, and grown up in all Grace, and are come to " a fulneſs and ripeneſs in the Lord Jeſus, it is comely " enough to take a great chair, and ſit at the end of the " table, and, with their cock'd hats on their heads, " to ſay, God, we thought it not amiſs to call upon " thee this evening, and let thee know how affairs " ſtand; we have been very watchful ſince we were " laſt with thee; and they are in a very hopeful con- " dition; we hope that thou wilt not forget us; for we " are very thoughtful of thy concerns: we do ſome- " what long to hear from thee; and if thou pleaſeſt to " give us ſuch a thing (*Victory*), we ſhall be (as I " may ſo ſay) good to thee in ſomething elſe when it " lies in our way." See a remarkable Scotch Prayer much to the ſame purpoſe, *Scourge*, by Mr. Lewis, No. xvi. p. 130. edit. 1717.

Ver. 602.] Alluding, probably, to their ſaucy expoſtulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-bar, uſed the following

Unleſs the work be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tſelf, and ſent them, like commiſſions,
To well-affected perſons, down
In every city and great town,
With power to levy horſe and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,

With

following words: "O Lord, thou haſt never given us "a victory this long while, for all our frequent faſt- "ing: what doſt thou mean, O Lord, to fling into a "ditch, and there to leave us?" And one *Robinſon*, in his Prayer at Southampton, Aug. 25, 1642, expreſſed himſelf in the following manner: "O God, "O God, many are the hands that are lift up againſt "us: but there is one God, it is thou thyſelf, O Fa- "ther, who does us more miſchief than they all." They ſeemed to encourage this ſaucineſs in their public ſermons. "Gather upon God (ſays Mr. R. Harris, "*Faſt Sermon before the Commons*) and hold him to it "as Jacob did; preſs him with his precepts, with his "promiſes, with his hand, with his ſeal, with his oath, "till we do δυσωπειν, as ſome Greek Fathers boldly "ſpeak: that is, if I may ſpeak it reverently enough, "put the Lord out of countenance; put him, as you "would ſay, to the bluſh, unleſs we be maſters of our "*requeſts*."

With papers in their hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the pillory rode?
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,
Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cauſe's ſervice,
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we, that in the Covenant ſwore,
Each man of us, to run before
Another ſtill in Reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a diſpenſation?
How will Diſſenting Brethren reliſh it?
What will Malignants ſay? *Videlicet,*
That each man ſwore to do his beſt
To damn and perjure all the reſt?
And bid the Devil take the hin'moſt
Which at this race is like to win moſt.
They 'll ſay our buſineſs, to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unfight, unſeen,
T' an unknown Church-diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but before-hand
T' engage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent Reformation,
According to the pureſt mode
Of churches beſt-reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?

For

For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches theſe ſhould be;
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *et cæteras*;
Of the French League, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of blood.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The Cauſe and Work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather than Goſpel-walking times,
When ſlighteſt ſins are greateſt crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal:
In name of King and Parl'ament,
I charge you all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to thoſe places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.

But

Ver. 651.] The Holy League in France, deſigned and made for the extirpation of the Proteſtant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcribed. Nor did the ſucceſs of both differ more than the intent and purpoſe; for, after the deſtruction of vaſt numbers of people of all ſorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both ſworn to defend. And as our Covenanters ſwore every man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, ſo did the French, in the *Holy League*, to fight to the laſt drop of blood.

But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be brought
To condign pun'ſhment, as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gainſay;

For

Ver. 673—676.] The threatening puniſhment to the Fiddle, was much like the threats of the pragmatical troopers to puniſh Ralph Dobbin's waggon, *Plain Dealer*, vol. I. "I was driving (ſays he) into a town "upon the 29th of May, where my waggon was to "dine: there came up in a great rage ſeven or eight "of the troopers that were quartered there, and aſked "me "What I buſhed out my horſes for?" I told them, "they "To drive flies away." But they ſaid, "I was a Ja-"cobite raſcal; that my horſes were guilty of high trea-"ſon, and my waggon ought to be hanged."—I an-"ſwered, "It was already drawn, and within a yard "or two of being quartered; but as to being hanged, "it was a compliment we had no occaſion for, and "therefore deſired them to take it back again, and "keep it in their own hands, till they had an oppor-"tunity to make uſe of it."—I had no ſooner ſpoke "theſe words, but they fell upon me like thunder, "ſtript my cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black "and blue with my own oak-branches."

For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon reduce you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on ſword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in meaſled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On rump of juſtice as of cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen luggage
O' th'ſelf, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy ſteed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy lumber againſt us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden blow,
Thy buſy vanity might ſhow?
Was

Ver. 683, 684.] It may be aſked, Why Talgol was the firſt in anſwering the Knight, when it ſeems more incumbent upon the Bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary; and his anſwer carries ſtrong indications to juſtify the conjecture.

Ver. 694.] Is lam'd, and tir'd *in halting hither*: *Thus it ſtands* in the two Iriſh editions of 1663.

Was no diſpute a-foot between
The caterwauling Brethren?
No ſubtle queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe out-o'-their wits, and thoſe i' th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe combatants
O' th' times, the land and water ſaints,
Where thou might'ſt ſtickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not, for want of buſineſs, come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cutpurſe, or burglary abroad?
No ſtolen pig, nor plunder'd gooſe,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou ſtatute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſy from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And ſet th' a taſk, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up ſale and ſequeſtration,
To cheat, with holineſs and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee
He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or ſent th' on buſineſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither:

But

But if th' haſt brain enough in ſcull
To keep itſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones,
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence, at length, theſe words broke out:
Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and ſleights to cheat,
And ſell thy carrion for good meat;

Not

Ver. 732.] *To keep* within its *lodging*. Edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored to the preſent reading 1704.

Ver. 741.] Hudibras ſhewed leſs patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occaſion, where he calmly diſtinguiſhes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the ſatirical anſwer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly ſuited to his character; and when his paſſion was worked up to a height too great to be expreſſed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at his firſt entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky diſappointment; an *omen* that the ſucceſs would be as indifferent as the *cauſe in* which he was engaged.

Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old-age in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And ſtop the gangrene in ſtale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade,
Which I, her ſword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military:
Nor ſhall theſe words, of venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the ſame throat ſhall devour them:
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for them:
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid that wight
With gantlet blue and baſes white,
And round blunt truncheon by his ſide,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel ſtir mood.

Dogs

Ver. 751.] Turn death of nature to *thy work*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His gun-ſhot, that in holſters watch'd,
And bending cock, he level'd full
Againſt th' outſide of Talgol's ſcull,
Vowing that he ſhould ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther:
But Pallas came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the ſpring and hammer thruſt
Her gorgon ſhield, which made the cock
Stand ſtiff, as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.

Meanwhile

Ver. 781—783.] This, and another paſſage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this Poem: as it was not intended for an Epic Poem, conſequently none of the heroes in it needed ſupernatural aſſiſtance: how then comes Pallas to be uſhered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whoſe heroes ſcarce perform any action (even the moſt feaſible) without the ſenſible aid of a deity; and to manifeſt that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid ſuch ſubterfuges. He has given us a ſample of his judgment in this way of writing in the paſſage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only, That the Knight's piſtol was, for want of uſe, grown ſo ruſty, that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the ruſt was the cauſe of his diſappointment.

Ver. 784.] *Stand ſtiff, as* if 'twere turn'd t' a *ſtock.* In editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710.

Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel up-heav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haſte,
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt
But Talgol firſt, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown ſword was out,
With ſtomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The truſty cudgel did oppoſe
Itſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.

And

Ver. 786.] Smote *the Knight*. In the two editions of 1664.

Ver. 787, 788.]

And he with ruſty piſtol held—
To take the blow on like a ſhield.

Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored 1704.

Ver. 797.] *But when his* rugged *ſword was out*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 798.] *Courageouſly*. 1674 to 1704, incluſive.

And though the ſword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing ſo; both ſides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'ſt:
For wood, with honour being engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuits of death,
Whilſt all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take or kill.
This Hudibras obſerv'd; and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.
Mean while the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one

Ver. 825.]
But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
To aid the diſtreſs'd champion.

In the two firſt editions of 1663.
Ver. 828.] *A* fierce diſpute. 1674 to 1704, inclusive.

Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide conqueſt would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vy,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of ſteed, with pricks as ſharp as nail;
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he 'ad been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from thiſtle,
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail;
Inſtead of which, he threw the pack,
Of Squire and baggage, from his back;

And

Ver. 844.] *With* prickles ſharper than a *nail*. Edit. 1674, to 1704, incluſive.

Ver. 846.] And feel regret on *fundament*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

And blundering ſtill, with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Knight's ſteed ſuch a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did ſtoop,
And ſat on further ſide aſlope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By ſleight eſcap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For, catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that ſtill protects the ſtout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;

Ver. 855.] That ſtagger'd *him*. Edit. 1674, to 1;
incluſive.

Ver. 864, 865.] I would here obſerve the judgn
of the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's
vantage, as Pallas had been before to his diſappo
ment. It was reaſonable that the God of War ſhc
come in to his aſſiſtance, ſince a Goddeſs had intere
herſelf on the ſide of his enemies (agreeably to Ho
and Virgil). Had the Knight directly fallen to
ground, he had been probably diſabled from fu
action; and conſequently, the battle would too
have been determined: beſides, we may obſerv
beautiful gradation, to the honour of the hero;
falls upon the Bear, the Bear breaks looſe, and
ſpectators run: ſo that the Knight's fall is the prin
cauſe of this rout, and he might juſtly, as he af
wards did, aſcribe the honour of the victory to h
ſelf.

The Bear, upon whoſe ſoft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down,
The friendly rug preſerv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruiſe or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well
In body, though his mighty ſpirit,
Being heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worſted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his ſnout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of Knight, and ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'ad fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of blood ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhuman wrong;

Wrong of unſoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commiſſion;
And laid about him, till his noſe
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'er-ran, and ſome o'erthrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape purſuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haſte
And dread as he the rabble chac'd;
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſeveral way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded ſore
I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He ſpying Hudibras lie ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of urine, in a ſwound,

In

Ver. 906.] Avoid the conquering *Knight*. In editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710, as above.

Ver. 920.] caſt *in ſwound*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And, fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and ſkin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with ſprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell muſician;
He ſnatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his ſteed
(As rats do from a falling houſe),
To hide itſelf from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue Knight from black and blue;

Which

Ver. 923.] *And* lifting *it*, &c. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 924.] *to* fall on *Knight*. In the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 935, 936.] *Looking about, beheld the Bard,—To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.*—Thus in editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Reſtored 1710.

Which ere he could atchieve, his ſconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When Ralpho thruſt himſelf between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To ſhield the Knight from further harm,
And, joining wrath with force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And ſetting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What deſperate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyſelf, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt arms, authority, and worſhip,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-poſt prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,

To.

Ver. 944.] *The* ſkin *encounter'd*, &c. In the two firſt editions.

Ver. 947.] on ſide and *arm*. Two editions of 1663.

Ver. 948.] *To ſhield the Knight* entranc'd *from harm*. *In the two* firſt editions.

To keep from flaying ſcourge thy ſkin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt—but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how Hudibras does fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And ſet him on his bum upright.
To rouſe him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his noſe, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the ſpirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noiſe, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A ſelf-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That 's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All ſave Crowdero, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd Cauſe undertake;
And he lies priſoner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;

For one wink of your powerful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the Churches;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conqueror;
Though diſpenſations were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although Out-goings did confirm,
And Owning were but a meer term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the ſaint,
From whom they' injuriouſly detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horſes, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, maſks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, paraſites;
All which the ſaints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before:

For

Ver. 1009.] It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of thoſe days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace (in their opinion) if he was not a ſaint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the Squire ſays, had a right to all, and might take *it, wherever* they had a power to do it.

For we are their true landlords ſtill,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouze,
And by degrees grow valourous:
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high; this ſlave does merit
To be the hangman's buſineſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his deſtruction; I that am
A Nothingneſs in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit carcaſe,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or caſe:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conquering ſword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name;
For great commanders always own
What 's proſperous by the ſoldier done.
To ſave, where you have power to kill,
Argues your power above your will;

And that your will and power have leſs
Than both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This power which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Would no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of ſtraw:
For Death would then be his conquéror
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you reſolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To ſay it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than ſlain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greateſt fame
Of cripple ſlain can be but lame:
One half of him 's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one ſide light,
As worſhip did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him priſoner of war,
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At court of juſtice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety:

If any member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will ſave or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
Though he has quarter, ne'erthieleſs
Y' have power to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great conquerors, you know whom;
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe juſtice, and to ſome reveal'd:
For words and promiſes, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samſon's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the Cauſe
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call juſt,
The Cauſe would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among ourſelves may ſpeak;
But to the wicked or the weak

We

Ver. 1084.] When the Rebels had taken a priſoner, though they gave him quarter, and promiſed to ſave his life; yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he ſhould be ſaved, it was only ſaying it was revealed to him that ſuch a one ſhould die, and they hanged him up, notwithſtanding the promiſes before made. Dr. South obſerves of Harriſon the Regicide, a butcher by profeſſion, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed ſeveral after quarter given by others, uſing theſe words in doing it; "Curſed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently!"

We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the buſineſs done;
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd Crowdero faſt,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, whilſt the ſteeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The Squire, in ſtate, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophee-Fiddle and the caſe,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a mace.
The Knight himſelf did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his ſide;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, againſt the tide and wind.

Thus

Ver. 1122.] Plac'd *on* his *ſhoulder*. Editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700. *Leaning on ſhoulder*, reſtored. 1704.

Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they 'ad gone;
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful ſpell
Of magic made impregnable:
There 's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon;

In

Ver. 1130.] This is an enigmatical deſcription of a pair of ſtocks and whipping-poſt; it is ſo pompous and ſublime, that we are ſurpriſed ſo noble a ſtructure could be raiſed from ſo ludicrous a ſubject. We perceive wit and humour in the ſtrongeſt light in every part of the deſcription: and how happily imagined is the pun in ver. 1142! How ceremonious are the conquerors in diſplaying the trophies of their victory, and impriſoning the unhappy captive! What a diſmal figure does he make at the dark proſpect before him! All theſe circumſtances were neceſſary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiſerate his favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowdero's place.

In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they 're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' adventurous Knight
And bold Squire from their ſteeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon hands;
By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are faſt enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by beadle exorciſt,
The body feels the ſpur and ſwitch,
As if 'twere ridden poſt by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a ſpire,
On which Sir Knight firſt bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its ſpoils, the caſe,
In manner of a trophee place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat,
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place,
To dungeon they the wretch ſommit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet;
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,

ıough a delinquent falſe and forged,
:t being a ſtranger, he 's enlarged,
'hile his comrade, that did no hurt,
clapp'd up faſt in priſon for 't:
) Juſtice, while ſhe winks at crimes,
:umbles on innocence ſometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſcatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does ſally,
And is made priſoner: then they ſeize
Th' inchanted fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him, for a while,
She 'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day?
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field, as certain as a gun,

And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-day among the Churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In deathleſs pages of Diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but count without his hoſt,
And that a turnſtile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in purſuit
Of the Knight's victory ſtood to 't,
And moſt ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,

Finding

Ver. 35.] *Took heart again, and fac'd about.* Took heart of *grace*, in the two firſt editions of 1663.

Ver. 37.] *For now the half-defeated Bear.* Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Reſtored as above, 1704.

Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring ſtill, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as val'antly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior ſtout and politick,
Until, in ſpite of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But ſtill their numbers ſo increas'd,
He found himſelf at length oppreſs'd,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and carcaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy, i' th' greateſt throng;

But what could ſingle valour do,
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were ſuch;
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was ſuddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight, againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And, ſetting his right foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His perſon was above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome every where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, ſtill laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.
  But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,

If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot
(But not ſo light as to be borne
Upon the ears of ſtanding corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquiſh'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum-drum*,
And ſee ſtout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would

Ver. 102.] *As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot.* Thus it ſtands in the two firſt editions of 1663, and, I believe, in all the other editions to this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that *long-filed* would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a diſpoſition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by ſudden retreats and ſudden charges. Mr. Smith, of Harleſton, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement;

As long-field ſhafts, which Parthians ſhoot.

I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him;
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads to clear the ground,
And, joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile they' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt Trulla ſtav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted Bear came off with ſtore
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel:
For as an Auſtrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons

Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Cloſe to his head, ſo Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like ſcrivener newly crucify'd:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumciſed brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in 's noſe convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The warrior to a graſſy bed,
As authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which eglantine and roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly murmuring ſtream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a ſong,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd, with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great leader and the reſt.
For Orſin (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground,
In ſtanding fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſued the chace,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;

Griev'd

Griev'd to behold his Bear purſued
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a toil as
Stout Hercules for loſs of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret:
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall poets ſplay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthful ſtories,
To anſwer to int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows;
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? tô my——Echo, Ruin.
I thought thou 'adſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.

Am

Ver. 189, 190.] This paſſage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be maſter of the pathetic as well as the ſublime ſtyle, but alſo as it comprehends a fine ſatire upon that falſe kind of wit of making an echo talk ſenſibly, and give rational anſwers.

Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear ſake. Quoth ſhe, Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' diſh
Thou turn'dſt thy back? Quoth Echo, Piſh.
To run from thoſe thou 'adſt overcome,
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his blood in
His honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, a Puddin.
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomach burn'd;
Thirſt of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of ſorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his Bear.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight; and giving o'er
To ſearch for Bruin any more,

He

He went in queſt of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd.
He 'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late ſubdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and ſhame,
Did equally their breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors ſtout,
And reſolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orſin thus beſpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront that paltry aſs,
And feeble ſcoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if they' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' raſcals, but loſs of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether theſe fell wounds, or no,

He

Ver. 258.] *Of them, but loſing of my Bear.* 1674, and all editions to 1704, excluſive.

He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my ſkill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome:
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where'er they' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
  Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orſin, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou'ſay'ſt,
And ſo has every body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myſelf and Trulla made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he 's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The ſlaves may hap to get away.
  This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the ſame deſign,

ad forthwith put themſelves, in ſearch
Of Hudibras, upon their march:
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel;
For ſuch, Crowdero being faſt
In dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant laurels ſeem'd to grow
No-where ſo green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighbouring caſtle by,
To reſt his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruiſe
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneaſy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by ſkilful midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By Cupid made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widow's jointure land
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;

The

Ver. 315, 316.] In the two firſt editions of 1663, this and the following line ſtand thus:

As how he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let fly at Knight.

The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance:
But time had ſomewhat 'ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain:
For that proud dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal
(That belly that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe raſcallion,
That old Pyg---(what d' y' call him) malion,
That cut his miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard a hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent as ſtrange, and mad;
She could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!
So cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart, muſt ſay her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.

Meanwhile

Ver. 338.] *Hey-day!---Ha day!* in all editions till 1704; t[illegible]d to *Hey-day!*

Meanwhile the Knight had no ſmall taſk
To compaſs what he durſt not aſk:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his face to rump of ſteed;
Or rowing ſcull, he 's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the coney;
Juſt ſo does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her ſubtle ſnout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much ſcorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpiteful miſtreſs
Did ſtir his ſtomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her diſdain,
Turn'd to regret ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution being put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done,
But being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to diſcontinued hope,

That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave conqueſt o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do,
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'ſt valour too, and wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour 's a mouſe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in:
Then, Hudibras, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry:
Then, while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick-and-ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from ſleep;
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouſe creeping in the corn,

Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blue eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with haſty tone, and hoarſe,
Ralpho, diſpatch, to horſe, to horſe.
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he enſconc'd,
And all th' avenues had poſſeſt,
About the place, from eaſt to weſt.
That done, a while they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a council, which was beſt,
By ſiege or onſlaught, to inveſt
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By ſtorm and onſlaught to proceed.
This being reſolv'd, in comely ſort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger,

That foreſight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſaid,
They took him napping in his bed,
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in ſciences profound.
His courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the poſtern gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold Knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected ſight:
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh;
Till, recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage,
And thus he ſpoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder 's rally'd, and appears
As if they had out-run their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we muſt ſuccomb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.

This

Ver. 437.] *Sed* is the ſpelling uſed in all editions to 1704, incluſive. Altered to *ſaid*, 1710.

Ver. 444.] *To take the field, and ſally at.* In edit. *1674*, and the following ones, to 1704, excluſive.

This is the ſame numeric crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terror o'er our heads,
They 'll ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forſakes
And haunts, by fits, thoſe whom it takes;
And they 'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This ſaid, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his miſtreſs' name.
His piſtol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors uſe; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courſer's ſide,
Conveying ſympathetic ſpeed
From heel of Knight to heel of ſteed.
Meanwhile

Ver. 472.] *And haunts by fits. Haunts by turns*, in the two firſt editions of 1663.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And ſpeed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows,
When Orſin firſt let fly a ſtone
At Ralpho; not ſo huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which ſaints twice dipt are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold Squire,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his ſpirits, half diſmay'd:
He wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous Knight,
Moſt ſoldier-like, obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe 's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.

The more ſhame for her Goodyſhip
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For Colon, chuſing out a ſtone,
Level'd ſo right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: and as a gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe,
So did the Knight, and with one claw,
The tricker of his piſtol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it to proſper beſt,
So now he far'd: the ſhot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing
Lodg'd in Magnano's braſs habergeon,
Who ſtraight, A ſurgeon cry'd, A ſurgeon!
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell.

This

Ver. 523.] *He loos'd his whinyard.* Thus it ſtands in the firſt editions of 1663. Altered, 1674, to, *He loos'd his weapon:* ſo it continued to 1700. Altered, 1704, to, *He loſt his whyniard.*

This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won (the ſecond time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras's hurt, forbare
To preſs th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſy work of Death
Had tir'd them ſo, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the diſaſter of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.

Ralpho

Ver. 545.] In the two firſt editions, for this and the three following lines theſe two are uſed,

As Ralpho might, but he with care
Of Hudibras his hurt forbare.

Ver. 548.] In 1674, *Hudibras his wound*, to 1704, excluſive.

Ver. 551.] *He had with Cerdon*, &c. Editions 1674 to 1704, excluſive.

Ver. 553.] *So deſperately*. 1674, &c.

Ver. 560.] *And force their ſullen rage to part*. Thus *altered 1674* to 1704, excluſive.

Ralpho preſs'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up; once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a ſoldier
Had fled like crows when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your ſword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,
You 'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counſel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,

With

Ver. 587.] *The* knotted *blood.* Thus it is in all editions to 1710, and then altered to *clotted blood.*

With mortal criſis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond;
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the beſt courſe; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonour,
And danger too, is ſuch, I'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take place at leaſt o' th' enemy.
This ſaid, the Squire, with active ſpeed,
Diſmounted from his bony ſteed,
To ſeize the arms which, by miſchance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance:

Ver. 597.] *Curtal.* In all editions to 1704, ir
Ver. 609, 610.] Not in the two firſt edit
1663, but added in 1674.

These being found out, and reſtor'd
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he eſſay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt;
When Orſin, who had newly dreſt
The bloody ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid Magnano on the ſpot,
Beheld the ſturdy Squire aforeſaid,
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be 's dole.

This

Ver. 617.]

The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haſte to mount again.

Thus altered 1674. Reſtored 1704.

This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' aſſault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beaſt with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When Orſin, ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,
The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a ſack,
Or ſtout King Richard, on his back;
Till, ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs:
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found, both by his eyes and noſe,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with deſpiteful ire;
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other piſtol out;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;

Then

Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his ſteed.
The Knight his ſword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt crop'd off a limb,
But Orſin came, and reſcued him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters oppoſite:
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe;
Till Orſin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by ſpiteful chance
Hit Cerdon ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up
And, raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another
To bear thee company in death;
But firſt I'll halt a while, and breathe;
As well he might; for Orſin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himſelf, and next find out

Th'

Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled foe infeſt.
This being reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at Orſin with full ſpeed,
While he was buſy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard:
Then like a warrior right expert
And ſkilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle Knight ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run:

I mean

I mean all ſuch as cán, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſprawling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloody wound.
Cæſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can ſay, twice I
In one day *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe 's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere,*
And they *perire,* and yet enow
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow;
Then, leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the buſineſs o'er,
Get up, and mount thy ſteed; diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arſe, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got theſe harms,
Adventuring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of ſtrength: unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who now are run away.
That thou ſhalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
We read, the Ancients held it was

More honourable far *ſervare*
Civem, than ſlay an adverſary;
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other ſhall diſpatch anon:
And though thou 'rt of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This ſaid, he jogg'd his good ſteed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently towards the Squire,
Then bowing down his body, ſtretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got:
But, having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The pillage of the priſoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's;
And now to plunder Ralph ſhe flew,
When Hudibras's hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.
Yield, ſcoundrel baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy

To

To try thy fortune o'er afreſh,
I'll wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And, if thou haſt the heart to try 't,
I'll lend thee back thyſelf a while,
And once more, for that carcaſe vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe and take my ſword;
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Through ſquadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble ſpinſter matcht,
Will bluſh, with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour 's to be gain'd:
But if thou 'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider, whilſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force:
For if with conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in ſuch a caſe;

Both

Ver. 791—795.] What a generous and undaunted heroine was Trulla! She makes the greateſt figure in the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem. There are few inſtances, I believe, in either romance or hiſtory that come up to this.

Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter or counſel from a foe;
If thou canſt force me to it, do:
But leſt it ſhould again be ſaid,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſs'd ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to 't (quoth ſhe) or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arſie-verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn.—This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, deſpight, revenge, and ſhame,
At once into his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick:
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury,

Which

Which long ſhe fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground:
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding,
With home-made thruſt, the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And, mounting on his trunk aſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe ſcum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine honour, than thy ſword?
A man of war to damn his ſoul,
In baſely breaking his parole;

And

Ver. 856.] Inſtead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, theſe four ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1663;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?
Or wilt thou be worſe than thy huffing?
Thou ſaidſt th' wouldſt kill me, marry wouldſt thou!
Why doſt thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou?

And when before the fight, th' had'ſt vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou haſt got me for a Tartar,
To make m' againſt my will take quarter,
Why doſt not put me to the ſword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
  Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conquering brow:
My loſs of honour 's great enough,
Thou needſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illuſtrious
For being benign, and not bluſtrous
Againſt a vanquiſh'd foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.
  Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe Slubberdegullion, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the victory,
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that 's on th' outſide of thy hide,

Are

Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw;
The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey;
Yet thoſe whom I expung'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took priſoners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into Lob's pound,
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret:
But now thy carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.

This

Ver. 913, 914.] This was but an equitable retaliation, though very diſgraceful to one of the Knight's ſtation. Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his hero to ſuch a direful condition, and for repreſenting him as ſtript and degraded by a trull? No, certainly. It was her right, by the law of arms (which the Poet muſt obſerve), to uſe her captive at her pleaſure. Trulla

This ſaid, the Knight did ſtraight ſubmit
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting laſs
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To ſhare i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras's hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhower,
But Trulla thruſt herſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back again,

She

acted more honourably by him than he expected, and generouſly ſcreened him from a threatening ſtorm, ready to be poured on him by her comrades. With what pomp and ſolemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the ſtocks, to the eternal honour *of her ſex!*

She brandiſh'd o'er her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, ſhould make that quarter good;
For ſhe was bound, by law of arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, caſt
By Hudibras, as yet lay faſt,
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him ſhe reſolv'd that Hudibras
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.
This ſtopp'd their fury, and the baſting
Which towards Hudibras was haſting;
They thought it was but juſt and right
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horſes,
But with their faces to the arſes.
Orſin led Hudibras's beaſt,
And Talgol that which Ralpho preſt;
Whom ſtout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;

All uſhering Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' inchanted Caſtle,
Where ſtout Crowdero' in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed than ſhows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow, or than the Bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd,
In order ſoldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for battle as for muſter.
The Knight and Squire they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter:
For he was ſkilful in Black Art,
No leſs than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his Fiddle and his caſe,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſcious vengeance to aſſuage;

For

For he no ſooner was at large,
But Trulla ſtraight brought on the charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was ſhut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion to know ſorrow,
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Cheer'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint, or liberty,
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes;

Ver. 1003.] *Where leaving them in Hockley-i'th'-hole.* Altered, 1674, to, *I' the* wretched *hole.* Reſtored, 1704.

Diogenes; who is not ſaid
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The Ancients make two ſeveral kinds
Of proweſs in heroic minds,
The active and the paſſive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-neceſſary:
But in defeats the paſſive ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſperately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainſt a conquering foe.
Though we with blacks and blues are fuggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar ſay, are cudgel'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can loſe no honour by 't.
Honour 's a leaſe for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is ſlain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be ſaid
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed ſun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He ſhines in ſerene ſky moſt bright;

So valour, in a low eſtate,
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glaſs, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having ſubdued a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof?
A politic exploit, right fit
For Preſbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth

Ver. 1061, 1062.] In thoſe days there was always an hour-glaſs ſtood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpoſe for it, and faſtened to the board on which the cuſhion lay, that it might be viſible to the whole congregation; who, if the ſermon did not hold till the glaſs was out (which was turned up as ſoon as the text was taken), would ſay that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn and ſtretch, and by thoſe ſigns ſignify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his diſcourſe, and wanted to be diſmiſſed. Theſe hour-glaſſes remained in ſome churches till within theſe forty years.

Ver. 1072.] Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his maſter's bad conduct; and, to vent his

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou'at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou tak'ſt Preſbytery, thy ſcale,
To take the height on 't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'ſt Synodical:
As if Preſbytery were a ſtandard
To ſize whatſoever 's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou couldſt prove Bear-baiting equal
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canſt, for I deny 't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.
Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You 'll find I 've light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,

And

reſentment, he ſatirizes him in the moſt affecting part of his character, his religion: this, by degrees, brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not ſufficiently laſhed claſſical aſſemblies, very judiciouſly completes it, now there is full *leiſure for it.*

And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babyloniſh ſport;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſeveral ſynagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichriſtian aſſemblies,
To miſchief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Conſciences;
Where Saints themſelves are brought to ſtake
For Goſpel-light and Conſcience' ſake;
Expos'd to Sribes and Preſbyters,
Inſtead of Maſtive Dogs and Curs;
Than whom they 've leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a viſion ſaw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age;
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears naturally are beaſts of prey,
That live by rapine; ſo do they.
What are their Orders, Conſtitutions,
Church-cenſures, Curſes, Abſolutions,

But

But ſeveral myſtic chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet Heathen officers,
Inſtead of Dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and diſpenſe,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts, on ſin and godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to Goſpel-order,
By rapine, ſacrilege, and murther;
To make Preſbytery ſupreme,
And Kings themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, though againſt
Their conſciences, to turn Saints;
Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopoliſts are made:
When pious frauds and holy ſhifts
Are Diſpenſations and Gifts,
There godlineſs becomes mere ware,
And every Synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquiſition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the ſires
Of Scribes, Commiſſioners, and Triers;
Whoſe buſineſs is, by cunning ſleight,
To caſt a figure for men's light,

To

Ver. 1129.] They were more tyrannical in office *than any* officers of the biſhop's court.

To find, in lines of beard and face,
The phyſiognomy of Grace;
And by the ſound and twang of noſe,
If all be ſound within diſcloſe;
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain gueſs at inward light;
Which Serjeants at the Goſpel wear,
To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of Smeck,

From

Ver. 1156.] Theſe Triers pretended to great ſkill in this reſpect; and if they diſliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reaſon alone, refuſe to admit him, when preſented to a living, unleſs he had ſome powerful friend to ſupport him. "The queſtions "that theſe men put to the perſons to be examined "were not abilities and learning, but grace in their "hearts, and that with ſo bold and ſaucy an inquiſi-"tion, that ſome men's ſpirits trembled at the interro-"gatories; they phraſing it ſo, as if (as was ſaid at "the council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghoſt in a "cloke-bag."

Their queſtions generally were theſe, or ſuch like, When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? in what month? in what day? about what hour of the day, had you the ſecret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the miniſtry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your ſoul? And a great many other queſtions about regeneration, predeſtination, and the like.

Ver. 1166.] *Smectymans* was a club of holders-forth,

From whom the inſpiration came,
When Church and State they ſet on flame,
And were by them as Judges then
Of ſpiritual Warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if Reformation
Be of the neweſt cut in faſhion:
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That Grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety conſiſts in pride;
To rule it to be ſanctify'd:
To domineer, and to control,
Both o'er the body and the ſoul,
Is the moſt perfect diſcipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo,
They muſt have wealth and power too;
Or elſe with blood and deſolation
They 'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from primitive
And Heathen prieſthood do derive,
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and Preſbyters of Kirks;
Whoſe directory was to kill,
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill,
The only difference is, that then
They ſlaughter'd only beaſts, now men.

For

For then to ſacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole nation.
Preſbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a free ſtate;
A common-wealth of Popery,
Where every village is a See
As well as Rome, and muſt maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where every Preſbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheeſe and bacon,
And every hamlet 's governed
By 's Holineſs, the Church's head,
More haughty and ſevere in 's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such Church muſt, ſurely, be a monſter
With many heads: for if we conſter
What in th' Apocalypſe we find,
According to th' Apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon,
Which heads denote the ſinful tribe
Of Deacon, Prieſt, Lay-elder, Scribe.
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whoſe little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And biſhop-ſecular. This zealot
Is of a mongrel, diverſe kind,
Cleric before, and Lay behind;

A lawleſs linſy-woolſy brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beaſt, a fiſh in water;
That always preys on grace or ſin;
A ſheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a ſaint
Idolatrous or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through coarſeſt boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe talents jump not juſt with his;
He 'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk.
Thoſe paſtors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they ſtart up Choſen Veſſels,
Made by contact, as men get meaſles.
So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.
Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, ſoft fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet malt. Good Squire,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt,
For haſte (the proverb ſays) makes waſte.
The quirks and cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake:

And

And I ſhall bring you with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be underſtood.
I 'll force you, by right ratiocination,
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *dialecticè*.
The queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, Which is better or which worſt,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the worſt, and Synods thou;
But, to make good th' aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt they 're really all one.
If ſo, not worſe; for if they 're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the ſame, by courſe
Neither is better, neither worſe.
But I deny they are the ſame,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of theſe,
Than prove my horſe is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whatſoever Aſſembly 's not impower'd

To Cenſure, Curſe, Abſolve, and Ordain,
Can be no Synod: but Bear-garden
Has no ſuch power; *ergo*, 'tis none,
And ſo thy ſophiſtry 's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the queſt'on
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on;
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I ſay, *Negatur*.
That Bears are beaſts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they 're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beaſts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged ſhaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Preſbyter;
Or that his ſnout and ſpacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear 's a ſavage beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lickt it into ſhape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other faſhion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thyſelf and ſenſe; that is,
Thou wouldſt have Preſbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bear-wards too:

A ſtrange

A ſtrange chimæra of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Suppoſures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when
And where thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary ſhifts)
And is the ſame that Ranter ſaid,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard;
The ſelf-ſame cavils then I heard,
When, being in hot diſpute about
This controverſy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee again.

Quoth

Ver. 1329.] The Ranters were a vile ſect that ſprung up in thoſe times. Alexander Roſs obſerves, "That "they held that God, devil, angels, heaven, and hell, "*&c.* were fictions and fables: that Moſes, John Bap- "tiſt, and Chriſt, were impoſtors; and what Chriſt and "the Apoſtles acquainted the world with, as to matter "of religion, periſhed with them: that preaching and "praying are uſeleſs, and that preaching is but public "lying: that there is an end of all miniſtry and ad- "miniſtrations, and people are to be taught imme- "diately from God," *&c.*

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade

Ver. 1339.] Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the beeſom that muſt ſweep the "Court clean of ſuch filth as thou art: thou haſt moſt "traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the realm, in "erecting a grammar-ſchool: and whereas before our "forefathers had no other books but the Score and the "Tally, thou haſt cauſed *Printing* to be uſed; and, "contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou "haſt built a *Paper-mill*. It will be proved to thy "face, that thou haſt men about thee that uſually talk "of a *noun* and a *verb*, and ſuch abominable words, "as no Chriſtian ear can endure to hear."

It was the opinion of thoſe tinkers, tailors, &c. that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, "That learning had always been an enemy to "the Goſpel, and that it were a happy thing if there "were no univerſities, and that all books were burnt "except the Bible."

"I tell you (ſays a writer of thoſe times) wicked "books do as much wound us as the ſwords of our "adverſaries; for this manner of learning is ſuper-"fluous and coſtly: many tongues and languages are "only confuſion; and only wit, reaſon, underſtand-"ing, and ſcholarſhip, are the main means that op-"poſe us, and hinder our cauſe; therefore, if ever we "have the fortune to get the upper-hand, we will "down with all law and learning, and have no other "*rule* but the Carpenter's, nor any writing or reading "but the Score and the Tally."

A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that ſcholars put upon
Other men's reaſon and their own;
A fort of error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for Senſe or Light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the ſchools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heatheniſh invention
Is good for nothing but contention:
For as, in ſword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the great'ſt part
O' th' conteſt falls on terms of art,
Until the fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou haſt
Out-run the conſtable at laſt:
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,

And all thoſe harſh and rugged ſounds
Of baſtinados, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to love's more gentle ſtyle,
To let our reader breathe a while:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of preface,
Is 't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome men's fancies ſhould ne'er change,
But make all people do and ſay
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame way?

Some

perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know that it was written on purpoſe in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his Æneids in the very ſame manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to ſatisfy the curioſity of thoſe who believe that invention and fancy ought to be meaſured, like caſes in law, by precedents, or elſe they are in the power of the critic.

Ver. 2.] *Let bloody ſteel*, &c. Altered to *let* ruſty *ſteel*, 1674, 1684, &c. To truſty *ſteel*, 1700. Reſtored 1704.

Ver. 5.] And the three following lines, ſtood in the two firſt editions of 1663, as follow:

And unto love turn we our ſtyle,
To let our readers breathe a while,
By this time tir'd with the horrid ſounds
Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

Ver. 10.] *That ſome men's fancies*, &c. That a man's fancy, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights purſuing like a whirlwind;
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealouſy, to loſe their wits;
Till, drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They 're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaiſters off their ſores;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in deſpite
O' geography, to change their ſite;
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But thoſe that write in rhyme ſtill make
The one verſe for the other's ſake;
For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
I think, 's ſufficient at one time.
  But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And penſive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe cuſtody.
Tir'd with diſpute, and ſpeaking Latin,
As well as baſting and Bear-baiting,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force,

His

Ver. 32.] *Whilom.* Formerly, or, ſome time ago. Altered to *lately*, 1674. Reſtored 1704.

His only ſolace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Than other times, beſide his gueſs.
There is a tall long-ſided dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin camelion boards
Herſelf on air, and eats her words;
Upon her ſhoulders wings ſhe wears
Like hanging ſleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets liſt,
Made good by deep mythologiſt:
With theſe ſhe through the welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like eaſtern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furtheſt regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public uſe to bring down
The rate of whetſtones in the kingdom.
About her neck a pacquet-mail,
Fraught with advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of

Ver. 48.] The beauty of this conſiſts in the double meaning; the firſt alludes to Fame's living on Report. The ſecond is an inſinuation, that if a report is narrowly enquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itſelf.

Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monſters brought to bed;
Of hailſtones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing-ſtar ſeen in the weſt,
By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt.
Two trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.
This tattling goſſip knew too well
What miſchief Hudibras befel,
And ſtraight the ſpiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with ſtately pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the fight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed Knight;

To

Ver. 77.] *This tattling goſſip*, &c. *Twattling goſſip*, in the two firſt editions of 1663. Altered, as it ſtands here, 1674.

To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a goſſip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the ſtocks,
To ſet at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ranſom,
To free him from th' inchanted manſion.
This being reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for hood
And uſher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting-damſel to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him and his ſtout Squire in the pound;
Both coupled in inchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either ſide,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,

She

Ver. 91.] *And from his wooden jail*, &c. This and the following line ſtand in the two editions of 1664 thus,

That is to ſee him deliver'd ſafe
Of 's wooden burthen, and Squire Raph.

She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the ſudden,
As ſpirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the Knight perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by' her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang his head and ſcoul,
And wink and goggle like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him.
This place (qouth ſhe) they ſay 's inchanted,
And with delinquent ſpirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken blocks and poſts
For ſpectres, apparitions, ghoſts,
With ſaucer-eyes and horns; and ſome
Have heard the devil beat a drum;

But

Ver. 111, 112.] There was never, certainly, a pleaſanter ſcene imagined than this before us; it is the moſt diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected viſit of the Lady; the attitude and ſurprize of the Knight; the confuſion and bluſhes of the lover; and the ſatirical raillery of a miſtreſs, are repreſented in lively colours, and conſpire to make this interview wonderfully pleaſing.

But if our eyes are not falſe glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.
When Hudibras the Lady heard
Diſcourſing thus upon his beard,
And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd;
And thus he ſpoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard 's th' identique beard you knew,
The ſame numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himſelf.
O heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiſkers,
But by your dialect and diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to man or beaſt
In notions vulgarly expreſt:

But

Ver. 142.] *Diſcourſing thus upon his beard.* Altered, 1674. To take kind notice of *his beard.* Reſtored 1704.

But what malignant ſtar, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
  Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with beard and face
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
  Quoth ſhe, Thoſe need not be aſham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though your's be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the Ruſſian ſtandard.
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd enſign,
That 's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That petticoat about your ſhoulders,
Does not ſo well become a ſoldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
And thoſe uneaſy bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I' th' pillory ſet, at the wrong end.
  Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)

Not

Ver. 164.] *In ſuch a homely caſe. In ſuch* elenctique *caſe*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other groſs *phænomenas*
In which it oft miſtakes the caſe.
But ſince th' immortal intellect
(That 's free from error and defect,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be ſure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion ſtraight;
Others, though wounded ſore in reaſon,
Felt no contuſion, nor diſcretion.
A Saxon duke did grow ſo fat,
That mice (as hiſtories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His poſtique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is 't poſſible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that 's baſted to feel pain,
Becauſe the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;

Yet

Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no medicine can aſſuage.
Quoth he, That honour 's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what 's more honourable than ſcars,
Or ſkin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A ſhoe be Spaniſh or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning.
The furtheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the neareſt home.
By laws of learned duelliſts,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fiſts,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultroons;
But if they dare engage t' a fe[illegible]
They 're ſtout and gallant fello[illegible] reckon'd.
Th' old Romans freedom did beſtow,
Our princes worſhip, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his ſplenetick
And teſty courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when ſome mighty lord
Or potentate 's to be reſtor'd,
And

Ver. 232.] *Pultroons.* So in all editions to 1716, incluſive. Altered, afterwards, to *poltroons.*
Ver. 239.] A King of Æthiopia.

And pardon'd for ſome great offence,
With which he 's willing to diſpence,
Firſt has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and ſide t' a jelly;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent rib-roaſting.
The beaten ſoldier proves moſt manful,
That, like his ſword, endures the anvil,
And juſtly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable:
But he that fears a baſtinado,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And though I'm now in durance faſt,
By our own party baſely caſt,
Ranſom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worſe than by the enemy us'd;
In cloſe *cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of wit or valour to eſcape;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, ſtill grow more reverend;

And

Ver. 241.] *And pardon'd for ſome great offence.* This and the following line, in the two editions of 1664, ſtand thus;

To his good grace, for ſome offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd ſince.

And cannons ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth ſhe, You 'ave almoſt made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great ſtates,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of ſhame,
Like eaſt and weſt, become the ſame.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating ſeem ſo brave,
What glories muſt a whipping have?
Such great atchievements cannot fail
To caſt ſalt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your natural talent
Of paſſive courage were ſo gallant,
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and doat.
When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and ſtroak'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:
This criſis then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the queſt'on.
Madam, what you would ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what ſpirit
And magnanimity I bear it;

And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake myſelf down againſt you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.
Quoth ſhe, I've heard old cunning ſtagers
Say, fools for arguments uſe wagers;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.
Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' inflict̃ion of a witch;
So cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by 't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourſelf ſo much,
To bear all rivals elſe a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curſe
Than you upon yourſelf would force?
For wedlock without love, ſome ſay,
Is but a lock without a key.

It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it raviſhment
But being againſt the mind's conſent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot love, you ſay,
Out of your own fanatick way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that love you to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practiſe what you call a fault.
Quoth ſhe, if what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In love and preaching, that muſt way.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulſe to move,

My

Ver. 332.] *Fanatique* in ſome of the firſt editions, and *fanatick* in the reſt, from 1700, if not ſooner, to this time. Might not *fantaſtick* have been as proper, as his miſtreſs expreſſes herſelf, Verſes 545, 546?

And yet 'tis no fantaſtick pique
I have to love, nor coy diſlike.

My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piſs out the moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's power 's too great to be withſtood
By feeble human fleſh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hectoring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's ſkin
T' a petticoat, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble diſtaff and a ſpindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors gallants
To their own ſiſters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the Houſe of many a burgeſs;
Made thoſe that repreſent the nation
Submit, and ſuffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at ſpring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode them
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made them curvet like Spaniſh Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ——'s,

'Twas

Ver. 370. *And take the ring at Madam ——'s*] Stennet was the perſon whoſe name was daſhed, ſays Sir Roger L'Eſtrange, (*Key to Hudibras.*) "Her huſband "was

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I 've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects
Of Love's great power, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns,
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with preposterous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;

And

" was by profession a broom-man, and lay-elder. She " followed the laudable employment of bawding, and " managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sis- " ters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness " of their linen."

And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the wife of a cow:
Others to prove their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' ſweethearts:
Some with the devil himſelf in league grow,
By the repreſentative a Negro.
'Twas this made weak maid love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made mothers and mothers.
'Tis this that provokes dames clamours
On lacquies and *valets des chambres*;
Their haughty ſtomachs overcomes,
And makes them ſtoop to dirty grooms;
To ſlight the world, and to diſparage
Claps, iſſue, infamy, and marriage.
  Quoth ſhe, Theſe judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear
Than truſt men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and ſecreſy in love.
  Says he, There is as weighty reaſon
For ſecreſy in love, as treaſon.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eye does ſteal in,

To

Ver. 406.] *On lacquies and* valets des chambres. *Varlets des chambres*, in all edit. to 1704, inclusive.

Ver. 418.] *That at the* windore eye *does ſteal in*. Thus it ſtands in all editions to 1631, inclusive. Altered to *window eye*, edition 1700. Reſtored again, 1726, if not ſooner.

To rob the heart; and with his prey.
Steals out again a cloſer way;
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He 's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and ſparkles
In men, as naturally' as in charcoals,
Which ſooty chemiſts ſtop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers ſhould their paſſions choke,
That though they burn they may not ſmoke.
'Tis like that ſturdy thief that ſtole
And dragg'd beaſts backwards into 's hole;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impreſſion may diſcover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you intruſt me under ſeal,
I'll prove myſelf as cloſe and virtuous
As your own ſecretary' Albertus.
  Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe:
Love-paſſions are like parables,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money 's the mythologick ſenſe,
The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow,
Which all addreſs and courtſhip 's made to.
  Thought he, I underſtand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;

He that will win his dame, muſt do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thruſt the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the ſun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about them in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and ſacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can ſolely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh?
I do confeſs, with goods and land,
I 'd have a wife at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: nor is 't your perſon
My ſtomach 's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe,

Or

Or make it o'er in truſt to the devil,
You 'll find me reaſonable and civil.
Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better
Than falſe mock paſſion, ſpeech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or ſowning,
But hanging of yourſelf or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as, when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they ſtrike others down;
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
Theſe are but trifles; every lover
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy miſtreſs' ſake:
Yet they 're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs or beats out 's brains,
The devil 's in him if he feigns.
Quoth Hudibras, This way 's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jeſting, trivial matter,
To ſwing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That 's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what part is diſſaffected;

Your

Ver. 483.] *Sowning.* Thus it ſtands in all editions to 1684, incluſive. Altered to *ſwooning*, 1700.

Your better way is to make over,
In truſt, your fortune to your lover:
Truſt is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſperate as a neck:
Beſide, th' experiment 's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The ſoldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for ſixpence pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their ſouls,
To ſhare with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I adviſe you to;
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
  Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loth to run
Myſelf all th' hazard, and you none;
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome deed
Of your's aforeſaid do precede:
Give but yourſelf one gentle ſwing,
For trial, and I 'll cut the ſtring;
Or give that reverend head a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a wall,
To ſhew you are a man of mettle,
And I 'll engage myſelf to ſettle.
  Quoth he, My head 's not made of braſs,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's ſcull) ſo tough,
That, authors ſay, 'twas muſket-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure:

You

You ſee what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that 's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me, Luck, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The matter 's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe; two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantaſtick piqne
I have to love, nor coy diſlike;
'Tis no implicit, nice averſion
T' your converſation, mien, or perſon;
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe and perfidious in love:
For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
As chains of Deſtiny, I 'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever ſpoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you 'll give my flame but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other pigſney,
The ſun and day ſhall ſooner part,
Than love or you ſhake off my heart;
The ſun, that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but your bright influence.
I 'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-loves-knots and flouriſhes

That

That ſhall infuſe eternal ſpring,
And everlaſting flouriſhing;
Drink every letter on 't in ſtum,
And make it briſk champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The primroſe and the violet;
All ſpices, perfumes, and ſweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter ſhall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die:
Only our loves ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds and natures to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All creſcents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiſs;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetick rapture,
In which your Maſtery of Art
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your heart:
Nor will you raiſe in mine combuſtion,
By dint of high heroic fuſtian.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a deſk to write upon;
And what men ſay of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian ſpices ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;

Or

Or ſeaſon her, as French cooks uſe
Their *haut-gouſts*, *boullies*, or *ragouſts*:
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyſter's, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'ſtead of teeth.
Others make poſies of her cheeks,
Where red and whiteſt colours mix;
In which the lily and the roſe,
For Indian lake and ceruſe goes.
The ſun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the ſkies,
Are but black patches, that ſhe wears,
Cut into ſuns, and moons, and ſtars;
By which aſtrologers, as well
As thoſe in heaven above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do foreſhow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the muſic of the ſpheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wiſe philoſophers have thought,
And that 's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
They' ador'd in rhyme would kick in proſe;

And

Ver. 613.] And the three following lines, not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added 1674.

And in thoſe ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung,
That have the hard fate to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how falſe or forc'd,
So the beſt things be ſaid o' th' worſt;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a ſwan or gooſe
They level at: ſo ſhepherds uſe
To ſet the ſame mark on the hip
Both of their ſound and rotten ſheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Muſt be aim'd higher, or beſide
The mark, which elſe they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you ſhould chuſe
This way t' attack me with your Muſe,
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetick fiction:
I rather hop'd I ſhould no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting ſcore;
For hard dry-baſtings us'd to prove
The readieſt remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet; but if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſy loop-hold jail,
In which ye 're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that 's worſe than any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a cooler

T' allay.

.] A cant word for falſe dice.

T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from thoſe knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From venturing on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puiſſance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The faireſt mark is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit,
But in your conſtellation, meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a match imply,
But likneſs and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of ſo mean deſerts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I 've not the conſcience to receive.
That conſcience, quoth Hudibras,
Is miſinform'd; I'll ſtate the caſe.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he 's owner,
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' judgment of all caſuiſts:

Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By thoſe that are proprietors,
As I may give or ſell my horſe.
  Quoth ſhe, I grant the caſe is true,
And proper 'twixt your horſe and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or ſell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves receivers are.
How ſhall I anſwer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A ſorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were ſold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye 're ſought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your provender and hay.
  Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myſelf, by topick clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loſs of virility's averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:

This firſt a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who firſt of all cut men o' th' ſtone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of ſow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horſe,
That I can argue and diſcourſe,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome philoſophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that loſt himſelf in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from tails,
We cannot ſay they 're true or falſe,
Till you explain yourſelf, and ſhow
B' experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you 'll join iſſue on 't,
I'll give you ſatisfactory account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my ſpouſe.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe);
To one that wants a tail, by me;

For tails by Nature ſure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beaſt they are ſo comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handſome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horſe,
Ere I'll take you for better or worſe.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is aſp, and baſiliſk, and toad,
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a queen to death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's on any other terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I ſhall produce, upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by poſtulate illation,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion;
But ſince ye 'ave yet deny'd to give
My heart, your priſoner, a reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel;
And for the ſufferings of your martyr,
Give it's poor entertainer quarter;
And by diſcharge, or mainprize, grant
Delivery from this baſe reſtraint.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do 't,
(Your honour ſafe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been ſet free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And ſometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed damoſels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or claſſick author yet of France;
And I 'd be loth to have you break
An ancient cuſtom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique uſe,
To free your heels by any courſe
That might b' unwholeſome to your ſpurs:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye
With ſolemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of thoſe who here do lie:
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door

But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there 's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous ſchool of laſhing,
Where knights are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wriſts;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies ſuffer penance:
Whipping, that 's Virtue's governeſs,
Tutreſs of arts and ſciences;
That mends the groſs miſtakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown:
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with honourable diſcharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magiſtrates of every town;
And, all reſpect and charges paid,
They 're to their ancient ſeats convey'd.
Now if you 'll venture, for my ſake,
To try the toughneſs of your back,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a whipping-on
(And may you proſper in your ſuit
As you with equal vigour do 't)

I here engage myſelf to looſe ye,
And free your heels from caperdewſie.
But ſince our ſex's modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me on oath a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don 't;
And I 'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By deſtiny, why not whipping too?
What medicine elſe can cure the fits
Of lovers when they loſe their wits?
Love is a boy, by poets ſtyl'd,
Then ſpare the rod, and ſpoil the child.
A Perſian emperor whipp'd his grannam,
The ſea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence ſome reverend men approve
Of roſemary in making love.
As ſkilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raiſe paſſion in a lady's heart?

It

Ver. 831.] *I here engage myſelf to looſe ye.* This, and the following line, thus altered, 1674, &c.

I here engage to be your bayl,
And free you from the unknightly jayl.

Thus continued to 1700, incluſive. Reſtored 1704.

It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer whippin,
Than ſwallow toaſts of bits of ribbin?
Make wicked verſes, treats, and faces,
And ſpell names over, with beer-glaſſes?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's ſacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chamber-maids with ſöve and money,
To break no roguiſh jeſts upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roſes,
With painted perfumes, hazard noſes?
Or, venturing to be briſk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern?
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuffering what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do ſo
For the Infanta Del Toboſo?
Did not th' illuſtrious Baſſa make
Himſelf a ſlave for Miſſe's ſake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young Florio ſent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to ſchool,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her ſake ſuffer martyrdom?

. . . . . .

Did

Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her huſband's own lordſhip?
And though a grandee of the Houſe,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide, as if ſhe 'ad rid poſt;
And after in the Seſſions court,
Where whipping 's judg'd, had honour for 't?
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I 'll ſet you from th' inchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear.
  Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
  Amen, (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But ere an artiſt could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The ſun grew low and left the ſkies,
Put down (ſome write) by ladies' eyes.

The

Ver. 894.] *I 'll ſet you from th' inchanted den.* In all editions to 1704, incluſive. *I 'll free you,* in later editions.

Ver. 903.] The evening is here finely deſcribed; the Epics are not more exact in deſcribing times and ſeaſons than our Poet: we may trace his hero morning and night; and it ſhould be obſerved, in the concluſion of this Canto (conformably to the practice of the Critics upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is only paſſed ſince the opening of the Poem.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious veil, of brightneſs made,
That 's both her luſtre and her ſhade!)
And in the lantern of the night,
With ſhining horns hung out her light;
For darkneſs is the proper ſphere
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling ſtars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſter,
While ſleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our votary thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of ſuch importance in the dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do 't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in queſt
Of next retreat to take his reſt.

Ver. 911, 912.]

For darkneſs is the proper ſphere,
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.

Theſe two lines not in the two firſt editions of 1664, and firſt inſerted 1674.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot diſpute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange alarm, and ſtranger ſight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They 're ſent away in naſty pickle.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome men's tempers ſuit
(Like bawd and brandy) with diſpute,
That for their own opinions ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their conſciences in caſes,
As fiddlers do their crowds and baſes;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they 're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and falſe, unjuſt and juſt,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute,

Ver. 2.] (*Like bawd and* brandy). *Brandee*, in all editions to 1704, inclusive.

Diſpute, and ſet a paradox,
Like a ſtrait boot, upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with ſtout polemick brawl;
In which ſome hundreds on the place
Were ſlain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of noſe, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their ſect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the ſequel ſhall be ſhown.
The ſun had long ſince, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And,

Ver. 14.] *Mountaygn*, or, *Mountaign—and Tully*. In all editions to 1704, incluſive. Altered to *Montaign* and *Lully*, in 1710, or 1716.

Ver. 29.] Several of the books in Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey begin with deſcribing the Morning: ſo, alſo, does Mr. Butler take care to let the world know at what time of the day (which he exactly deſcribes) theſe momentous actions of his hero were tranſacted. The morning's approach, the Knight's riſing, and rouzing up his Squire, are humourouſly deſcribed.

And, like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to riſe,
Reſolving to diſpatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with truſty ſpeed:
But firſt with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rouz'd the Squire, in truckle lolling:
And after many circumſtances
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do uſe to ſpend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to horſe,
And to the Caſtle bent their courſe,
In which he to the Dame before
To ſuffer whipping-duty ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the work in earneſt,
He ſtopp'd, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And, with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new ſcruple in his head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I ſhould wave this ſwinging,

And

Ver. 48.] *Whipping* duly *ſwore*. In the two firſt editions.

Ver. 55, 56.] This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph

And what I 've ſworn to bear forbear,
And ſo b' equivocation ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer ſin
To be foreſworn, than act the thing;
Are deep and ſubtle points, which muſt,
T' inform my Conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy judgment, ere we further go.
Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin 't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But firſt, to ſtate the caſe aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;

And

Ralph ſets before us the hypocriſy and villany of all parties of the Rebels with regard to Oaths; what equivocations and evaſions they made uſe of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the ſeveral oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it ſuited their intereſt, as appears from verſe 107, &c. and verſe 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Cant. iii. verſe 547, &c. Archbiſhop Bramhall ſays, "That the hypocrites of thoſe "times, though they magnified the obligation of an "oath, yet in their own caſe diſpenſed with all oaths, "civil, military, and religious. We are now told "(ſays he) that the oaths we have taken are not to be "examined according to the interpretation of men: "No! How then? Surely according to the interpreta-"tion of devils."

And thus 'tis; Whether 't be a ſin
To claw and curry your own ſkin,
Greater or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn forſwear.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a ſpiritual myſtick ſenſe;
Which to miſtake, and make them ſquabble
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With Pagans and apoſtate Jews,
To offer ſacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Chriſtians of our times,
That expiate leſs with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we 're bruis'd and kicked,
With ſinful members of the Wicked;
Our veſſels, that are ſanctify'd,
Profan'd, and curry'd back and ſide;
But we muſt claw ourſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, becauſe they did it:
This, therefore, may be juſtly reckon'd
A heinous ſin. Now to the ſecond;

That Saints may claim a diſpenſation
To ſwear and forſwear on occaſion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light: the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion ſo
As ſhadows to a ſubſtance do.
Then when they ſtrive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker veſſel ſhould ſubmit.
Although your Church be oppoſite
To ours, as Black friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado ſaint;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the devil, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to ſwear and lie,
I think there 's little reaſon why:
Elſe he 'as a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to ſay.
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly, and in vain,
Without ſelf-intereſt or gain:

For

For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence:
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late Apostles' acts is.
Was not the Cause at first begun
With perjury, and carry'd on?
Was there an oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?

For

Ver. 136.] When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, "That if any man moved "this with design, he should think him the greatest "traitor in the world; but since Providence and ne"cessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God "to bless their counsels." And when he kept the King close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed, "The Spirit would "not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer whippin,
Than ſwallow toaſts of bits of ribbin?
Make wicked verſes, treats, and faces,
And ſpell names over, with beer-glaſſes?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's ſacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chamber-maids with ſöve and money,
To break no roguiſh jeſts upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roſes,
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Do penance in a paper lantern?
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By ſuffering what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
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For the Infanta Del Toboſo?
Did not th' illuſtrious Baſſa make
Himſelf a ſlave for Miſſe's ſake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young Florio ſent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to ſchool,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her ſake ſuffer martyrdom?

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Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her huſband's own lordſhip?
And though a grandee of the Houſe,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide, as if ſhe 'ad rid poſt;
And after in the Seſſions court,
Where whipping 's judg'd, had honour for 't?
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I 'll ſet you from th' inchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear.
  Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
  Amen, (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But ere an artiſt could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The ſun grew low and left the ſkies,
Put down (ſome write) by ladies' eyes.

The

Ver. 894.] *I 'll ſet you from th' inchanted den.* In all editions to 1704, incluſive. *I 'll free you,* in later editions.

Ver. 903.] The evening is here finely deſcribed; the Epics are not more exact in deſcribing times and ſeaſons than our Poet: we may trace his hero morning and night; and it ſhould be obſerved, in the concluſion of this Canto (conformably to the practice of the Critics upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is only paſſed ſince the opening of the Poem.

Suppoſe the Scriptures are of force,
They 're but commiſſions of courſe;
And Saints have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from them, as they pleaſe;
Or miſinterpret them by private
Inſtructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why ſhould we ourſelves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within them) will not ſwear;
Their Goſpel is an Accidence,
By which they conſtrue Conſcience,
And hold no ſin ſo deeply red,
As that of breaking Priſcian's head,
(The head and founder of their order,
That ſtirring hats held worſe than murder)
Theſe, thinking they 're oblig'd to troth
In ſwearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if they 've not their will
To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtock ſtill:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born Conſciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For Saints may do the ſame things by
The Spirit, in ſincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's inſtance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Juſt as the Saints and Wicked vary.

For

For as on land there is no beaſt
But in ſome fiſh at ſea 's expreſt;
So in the Wicked there 's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that 's pious in
The one, in th' other is a ſin.
Is 't not ridiculous and nonſenſe,
A Saint ſhould be a ſlave to Conſcience,
That ought to be above ſuch fancies,
As far as above Ordinances?
She 's of the wicked, as I gueſs,
B' her looks, her language, and her dreſs:
And though, like conſtables, we ſearch
For falſe wares one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due.
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal ſwine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Thoſe myſteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evaſions
Of ſubtle turns and ſhifts of ſenſe,
Serve beſt with th' Wicked for pretence;
Such as the learned Jeſuits uſe,
And Preſbyterians, for excuſe
Againſt the Proteſtants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus; A breach of Oath is duple,
And either way admits a ſcruple,

And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd taker;
For he that ſtrains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it.
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As found t' all purpoſes of troth;
As broken laws are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till they 're broken have no force.
What 's juſtice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no power, but to admoniſh;
Cannot control, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they 're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make them ſuch.
Beſide, no engagement is allow'd
By men in priſon made for good;
For when they 're ſet at liberty,
They 're from th' engagement too ſet free.
The Rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints power to uſe
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conſcience, which in man
Should be ſupreme and ſoveran,

Is 't fit ſhould be ſubordinate
To every petty court i' th' ſtate,
And have leſs power than the leſſer,
To deal with perjury at pleaſure?
Have its proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio?*
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at *wiſ. franc.* pledge?
Diſcover thieves, and bawds, recuſants,
Prieſts, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuſance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no power at all, nor ſhift
To help itſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not Conſcience have vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight do points?
Is not th' High-court of Juſtice ſworn
To judge that law that ſerves their turn?
Make their own jealouſies high-treaſon,
And fix them whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the learned Counſel there
Make laws in any ſhape appear?

Mould them as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to deſtroy,
And vex them into any form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack them until they do confeſs,
Impeach of treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by Oath and Conſcience.
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And ſell their blaſts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The ſame caſe ſeveral ways adjudge?
As ſeamen with the ſelf-ſame gale,
Will ſeveral different courſes ſail;
As, when the ſea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe banks and dams, that, like a ſcreen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrannical uſurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.

Does

Ver. 345. *Grudge.*] *Grutch*, in the four firſt editions.
Ver. 353.] *So when tyrannical*, in the four firſt editions. Altered to *tyrannick*, in 1700, if not ſooner.

Does not in Chancery every man ſwear
What makes beſt for him in his anſwer?
Is not the winding-up witneſſes,
And nicking, more than half the buſineſs?
For witneſſes, like watches, go
Juſt as they 're ſet, too faſt or ſlow;
And where in Conſcience they 're ſtrait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your Juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cauſe, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe, make matter o' fact
Run all on one ſide, as they 're packt?
Nature has made man's breaſt no windores,
To publiſh what he does within doors;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If Oaths can do a man no good
In his own buſineſs, why they ſhou'd,
In other matters, do him hurt,
I think there 's little reaſon for 't.
He that impoſes an Oath makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be ſaid
To break an oath he never made?
Theſe reaſons may perhaps look oddly
To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;
But if they will not ſerve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy bubble,
That finds philoſophers ſuch trouble,

Whoſe

Whoſe leaſt part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.
Quoth Ralpho, Honour 's but a word
To ſwear by only in a Lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, inſtead of proof,
That, like a wen, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion ſtill.
But as men are not wiſe that run
The ſlighteſt hazard they may ſhun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or ſubſtitute.
Though nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may ſupply the place
Of ſuffering Saints, is a plain caſe.
Juſtice gives ſentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England uſe
Choice malefactors to excuſe,
And hang the Guiltleſs in their ſtead,
Of whom the Churches have leſs need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Uſe,
And mend men's lives as well as ſhoes.

This

This precious Brother having ſlain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Becauſe he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining ſorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Againſt the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender;
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid:
Then wherefore may not you be ſkipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philoſophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be ſympathetic.
It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou haſt reſolv'd and clear'd the caſe;
And canſt, in Conſcience, not refuſe,
From thy own Doctrine, to raiſe Uſe:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-conſcienc'd of thy back,

Then

Then frip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a firking;
For when thy veſſel is new hoop'd,
And leaks of ſinning will be ſtopp'd.
  Quoth Ralpho, you miſtake the matter;
For in all ſcruples of this nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own ſelf catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himſelf convince,
By his own doctrine, of his ſins:
And though all cry down ſelf, none means
His own ſelf in a literal ſenſe:
Beſides, it is not only foppiſh,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popiſh,
For one man out of his own ſkin
To friſk and whip another's ſin;
As pedants out of ſchool-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain;
For we muſt take our Oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.
  Quoth Hudibras, That 's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the whip, we 'll lay it on.
  Quoth Ralpho, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain,
Or, like the ſtars, incline men to
What they 're averſe themſelves to do:
For, when diſputes are weary'd out,
'Tis intereſt ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I 'll try to force you to your duty;
For ſo it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, ere we part, I ſhall evince it;
And curry (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your ſtubborn leather.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part
I' th' public Work, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an opulent ſpouſe,
Whoſe wealth his bowels yearn to purchaſe,
Merely for th' intereſt of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cauſe:
Nor ſhalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve, before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a crow.
Ye 'ad beſt (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients
Say wiſely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And Look before you ere you leap;
For As you ſow, ye 're like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
I ſhould make bold to turn again;

Nor

Nor am I doubtful of the iſſue
In a juſt quarrel, and mine is ſo.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Biſhop Bonner?
A Knight t' uſurp the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave trophies?
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear,
And for the Churches, which may chance,
From hence, to ſpring a variance,
And raiſe among themſelves new ſcruples,
When common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politicks
We ſtill have worſted all your holy tricks:
Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-model'd th' Army, and caſhier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utenſil o' your Church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A ſcaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'ad done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And ſnapp'd their Canons with a Why-not:
(Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
For ſolid face, and depth of beard)

Their

Ver. 529.] *O'er-reach'd*, in all editions but the two firſt of 1664, to 1704, incluſive. *Capoch'd*, reſtored in later editions, which ſignifies *hooded*, or *blindfolded*.

Their Claſſick model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their Diſcipline like a kitten,
On which they 'ad been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obſolete,
And all the Saints of the firſt graſs,
As caſtling foals of Balaam's aſs.
At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And, ſtaring furiouſly on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for ſo many moons lain by 't,
And, when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ranſom
Much more conſiderable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a ſcoundrel,
An upſtart Sectary, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a ſore,
Would that which gave it life devour;

It

Ver. 543.] This, and the following line, not in the two firſt editions of 1664. Added 1674.

It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his baſket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd,
To draw and ſtand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all ſorts of noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud din;
Or that ſome member to be choſen
Had got the odds above a thouſand;
And by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe
To wave the fight, and mount to horſe,
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe beating.
Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By uttering of his mind, his courage;
Which made them ſtoutly keep their ground,
With horror and diſdain wind-bound.
And now the cauſe of all their fear
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,

They

They might diſtinguiſh different noiſe
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whoſe ſullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the ſight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique ſhew;
A triumph that, for pomp and ſtate,
Did proudeſt Romans' emulate:
For as the Aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As ſome, miſtaken, write in ſtory)
Being mounted in their beſt array,
Upon a carre, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, through the Borough;
So when this triumph drew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,
They never ſaw two things ſo pat,
In all reſpects, as this and that.
Firſt he that led the cavalcate
Wore a ſow-gelder's flagellate,

On

Ver. 587. *They might diſtinguiſh*, &c.] They might *diſcern reſpective noiſe*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Ver. 596. *Their foes.*] *For foes*, in all editions to 1704, incluſive.

Ver. 609, 610.] *Cavalcate,—Flagellate*, in the four firſt editions. Afterwards altered to, *cavalcade, flagellet.*

On which he blew as ſtrong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double baſe;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might paſs for a forehand ſtag,
A Cornet rode, and on his ſtaff
A ſmock diſplay'd did proudly wave;
Then bagpipes of the loudeſt drones,
With ſnuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whoſe blaſts of air, in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noiſe than ſwine,
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good-manners,
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with grains,
Which he diſpens'd among the ſwains,
And buſily upon the crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horſe,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt ſpurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long ſword
He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward:

Next

Ver. 613, 614.] Theſe two lines are not in the two *firſt* editions of 1664, but added in 1674. *Like Sweads*, *altered*, 1684, to *Swedes*.

Next after, on a raw-bon'd ſteed,
The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat diſplay'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Beſtrid her beaſt, and on the rump on 't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum;
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a ſpindle and a diſtaff,
Which as he rode ſhe made him twiſt off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her ſhoulder
Chaſtiz'd the reformado ſoldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers and ſtaffiers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom ſome torches bore, ſome links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous ſhout.
The Knight tranſported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch ſights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His animadverſions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life, till now,
I ne'er ſaw ſo profane a ſhow;

It is a Paganiſh invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Roſs, or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe ancient ſhows;
And has obſerv'd all fit decorums
We find deſcrib'd by old hiſtorians:
For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Entering the town in triumph for it,
Bore a ſlave with him in his chariot;
So this inſulting female brave
Carries, behind her here, a ſlave:
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud Standard-bearer here,
Waves on his ſpear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And as in antique triumph eggs
Were borne for myſtical intrigues;
There 's one, in truncheon like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, freſh or addle;

And

Ver. 671.] This, and the following line, not in the *two firſt* editions of 1664, but added 1674.

And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth Ralpho, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you ſmatter
Is but a riding us'd of courſe,
When The grey mare 's the better horſe;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vaſt dominion,
And in the cauſe impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her huſband with buli's pizzle,
And brought him under Covert-baron,
To turn her vaſſal with a murrain;
When wives their ſexes ſhift, like hares,
And ride their huſbands, like night-mares,
And they, in mortal battle vanquiſh'd,
Are of their charter diſenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to diſtaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of courſe are underſtood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou ſtill giv'ſt ſentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſenſe:
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worſe,
Although his ſhoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to ſome tune.
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that 's bang'd with a true yard;

But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to ſurrender ere th' aſſault,
That 's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour leſs
Than all th' adverſity of ſucceſs;
And only unto ſuch this ſhew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a leſſer profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conqueſt purchas'd without blood;
So men decree thoſe leſſer ſhows
For victory gotten without blows,
By dint of ſharp hard words, which ſome
Give battle with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a chair-curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-ſtool,
March proudly to the river's ſide,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are ſaid
The Adriatic ſea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than thoſe
For whom the ſtate decrees thoſe ſhows.
But both are Heatheniſh, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the Saints ſhould be withſtood,
As antichriſtian and lewd;
And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt ſtrugglings to prohibit.

This

This ſaid, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him breaſt to breaſt:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made ſigns for ſilence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devil's proceſſion
With men of orthodox profeſſion?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From Heatheniſm deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned Beaſt aſtride,
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of ſuperſtitious function,
Fit to be us'd in Goſpel ſunſhine?
It is an antichriſtian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after ſelf-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To ſcandalize that ſex for ſcolding,
To whom the Saints are ſo beholding.
Women, who were our firſt apoſtles,
Without whoſe aid we 'ad all been loſt elſe;

Women,

Ver. 775.] The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cauſe, as they called it. Mr. James Howel obſerves, "That unuſual voluntary collections were "made both in town and country; the ſeamſtreſs "brought in her ſilver thimble, the chamber-maid her "bodkin,

Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd
In which the Cauſe might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's ſpoons and whiſtles,
To purchaſe ſwords, carbines, and piſtols;
Their huſbands, cullies, and ſweethearts,
To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
Drew ſeveral Gifted Brethren in,
That for the Biſhops would have been,
And fix'd them conſtant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their huſbands robb'd, and made hard ſhifts
T' adminiſter unto their Gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To ſcraps and ends of gold and ſilver;
Rub'd down the Teachers, tir'd and ſpent
With holding forth for Parliament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow-puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with ſtore of meat,
On controverted points, to eat;
And cramm'd them, till their guts did ake,
With caudle, cuſtard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cauſe at London?

March'd

" bodkin, the cook her ſilver ſpoon, into the common " treaſury of war.—And ſome ſort of females were " freer in their contributions, ſo far as to part with " their rings and ear-rings, as if ſome golden calf were " to be molten and ſet up to be idolized."

March'd rank and file, with drum and enſign,
T' intrench the City for defence in;
Rais'd rampiers with their own ſoft hands,
To put the enemy to ſtands;
From ladies down to oyſter-wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the City
Choſe of their Members a Committee,
For raiſing of a common purſe,
Out of their wages, to raiſe horſe?
And do they not as Tryers fit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they—At that an egg let fly
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And, running down his cheek, beſmear'd
With orange-tawny ſlime his beard;
But beard and ſlime being of one hue,
The wound the leſs appear'd in view.
Then

Ver. 807.] *Faln*, in the three firſt editions. *Fell*, edition 1684.

Ver. 813, 814.] "The Houſe conſidered in the "next place, that divers weak perſons have crept into "places beyond their abilities; and, to the end that "men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, "they appointed the Lady Middleſex, Mrs. Dunch, "the Lady Foſter, and the Lady Anne Waller, by "reaſon of their great experience in ſoldiery in the "kingdom, to be a Committee of Tryers for the buſineſs." See "The Parliament of Ladies," p. 6.

Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other ſide a load,
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was ſtartled with the ſmell,
And for his ſword began to feel;
And Ralpho, ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his, when one that bore a link
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linſtock, to the horſe's touch-hole;
And ſtraight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beaſts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And, though diſorder'd in retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat:
For quitting both their ſwords and reins,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's purſuit,
With ſpurring put their cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'ad paus'd awhile, ſupplying
Their ſpirits, ſpent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or diſcourſe;

Quoth

Ver. 839.] *Rains*, in the four firſt editions.

Quoth he, That man is ſure to loſe
That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With ſo diſhonourable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in war,
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſome,
Their caſe-ſhot ſavour ſtrong of poiſon,
And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a ſtinking breath;
Elſe, when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh:
But as thoſe pultroons that fling dirt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave retreat, without purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in triumph led;
Than which the Ancients held no ſtate
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,

It

Ver. 868. *Without purſuit.*] *To avoid purſuit*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

It may, being deſtin'd to aſſert
Her ſex's honour, reach her heart:
And as ſuch homely treats (they ſay)
Portend good fortune, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being daub'd with dirt,
Was deſtin'd to the empire for 't;
And from a ſcavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul addreſs
Preſage in love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt ponds;
And after (as we firſt deſign'd)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoin'd.

Ver. 879.] This, and the five following lines, not in the two firſt editions of 1664. Added in 1674.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts poſſeſt,
To win the Lady goes in queſt
Of Sidrophel the Roſycrucian,
To know the Deſt'nies' reſolution;
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the ſcience aſtrologic;
Till falling from diſpute to fight,
The Conjurer's worſted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleaſure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a juggler's ſleight,
And, ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more they' admire his ſleight of hand.
Some with a noiſe and greaſy light
Are ſnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the ſoul,
As nooſes by the legs catch fowl.

Some

Some with a medicine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an organ
So ſweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with ſubtle cobweb-cheats
They 're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they 're tangled;
And while their purſes can diſpute,
There 's no end of th' immortal ſuit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-deſigns of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be;
And, as thoſe vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good;
A ſlam more ſenſeleſs than the roguery
Of old auruſpicy and augury,
That out of garbages of cattle
Preſag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chicken's pecking,
Succeſs of great'ſt attempts would reckon.
Though cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the ſtars do fribble.

This

Ver. 25.] *Apply to wizards.* *Run after,* in the edition of 1664.

This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we 'll ſhew:
For he with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his ſteed again
(And Ralpho got a cock-horſe too,
Upon his beaſt, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue;
Or, if his Squire or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love:
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow;
And that he durſt not now, for ſhame,
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To paſs time, and uneaſy trot.
  Quoth he, In all my paſt adventures
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt
Beſets my puzzled wits about:
For though the Dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,

Yet as a dog, committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his chain:
So though my ankle ſhe has quitted,
My heart continues ſtill committed;
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Although at large, I am bound over:
And when I ſhall appear in court
To plead my cauſe, and anſwer for 't,
Unleſs the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To ſhew, by evident record,
Writ on my ſkin, I 've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Poſt?
Beſide, that ſtripping may prevent
What I 'm to prove by argument,
And juſtify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the problems of my fate;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the Deſt'nies take my part;

For

For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtſhip,
To hazard ſoul, eſtate, and worſhip:
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got
(As thou haſt prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
And ſinful, when men ſwear in vain.
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in Deſtiny's dark counſels,
And ſage opinions of the Moon ſells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When braſs and pewter hap to ſtray,
And linen ſlinks out o' the way;
When geeſe and pullen are ſeduc'd,
And ſows of ſucking pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of phyſician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or ſheep,
And chickens languiſh of the pip;
When yeſt and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When

Ver. 106.] William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer of thoſe times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their ſermons.

When butter does refuſe to come,
And love proves croſs and humourſome;
To him with queſtions, and with urine,
They for diſcovery flock, or curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I 've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the Saints have freedom
To go to ſorcerers when they need them.
Says Ralpho, There 's no doubt of that;
Thoſe principles I quoted late
Prove that the Godly may alledge
For any thing their privilege,
And to the devil himſelf may go,
If they have motives thereunto:
For, as there is a war between
The devil and them, it is no ſin,
If they by ſubtle ſtratagem
Make uſe of him, as he does them.
Has not this preſent Parliament
A ledger to the devil ſent,
Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threeſcore of them in one ſhire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And ſome for putting knaviſh tricks
Upon green geeſe and turkey-chicks,

Or pigs that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of griefs unnatural, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And would have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politick.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the Saints at Maſcon,
And tell them all they came to aſk him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
And ſpeak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At Woodſtock, on a perſonal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' Cauſe's ſervice, priſoner?
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has regiſter'd to after-time.
Do not our great Reformers uſe
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And caſtles taken yet i' th' air?

Of

Ver. 169.] This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his Poems enumerated by A. Wood.

Of battles fought at ſea, and ſhips
Sunk two years hence, the laſt eclipſe?
A total o'erthrow given the King
In Cornwall, horſe and foot, next ſpring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whatſoe'er the Cloſe Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cauſe,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Againſt the Book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the Proteſtation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal ſtars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?
  Quoth Hudibras, The caſe is clear
The Saints may' employ a conjurer,
As thou haſt prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's principles by what they do.
Then let us ſtrait advance in queſt
Of this profound gymnoſophiſt,
And, as the Fates and he adviſe,
Purſue or wave this enterpriſe.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his ſteed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conjurer turn our ſtyle,
To let our reader underſtand
What 's uſeful of him before-hand.

He

He had been long towards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and ethics,
Magic, heroicapy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Beftirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And ftill he 's in the felf-fame place
Where at his ftarting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his natural parts,
Till falling back ftill, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as thofe fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but fmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His underftanding ftill was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boafted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Groſted.

Th'

Ver. 224.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for ſome little ſkill he had in the mathematicks, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the ſottiſh ſtory of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of thoſe days.

Ibid.] Biſhop Groſted was Biſhop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. *A. D.* 1235. "He was ſuſpected by the "clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was de-"prived by Pope Innocent IV. and ſummoned to ap-

Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on 't to be true,
That in this world there 's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So cut, ſo colour'd, and ſo curl'd,
As thoſe are in th' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Leſcus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;

Knew

" pear at Rome." But this is a miſtake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occaſioned by his frankly expoſtulating with him (both perſonally and by letter) on his encroachments upon the Engliſh church and monarchy. He was perſecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was.

Ver. 235.] Dee was a Welſhman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in queſt of chemiſtry, *&c.*

Ver. 238.] Albertus Laſcus, Laſky, or Alaſco, *Prince* Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and *Kelly.*

Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing ſcabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When ſows and bitches may be ſpay'd,
And in what ſign beſt cyder 's made;
Whether the wane be, or increaſe,
Beſt to ſet garlic, or ſow peaſe;
Who firſt found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary ſpheres;
Their airy empire and command,
Their ſeveral ſtrengths by ſea and land;
What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:
With what deſigns and intereſts
Each party manages conteſts.
He made an inſtrument to know
If the moon ſhine at full or no;
That would, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight
Whether 'twere day or night demonſtrate;
Tell what her diameter to an inch is,
And prove that ſhe 's not made of green cheeſe.
It would demonſtrate, that the man in
The moon 's a ſea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That ſtands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caſpian ſea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs miſtake;

How

How large a gulf his tail compoſes,
And what a goodly bay his noſe is;
How many German leagues by th' ſcale
Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expence of cheeſe or bacon.
With lute-ſtrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on diſh of meat;
Quote moles and ſpots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect loſt maidenheads by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or piſſing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of medicines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and ſcare,
With rhymes, the tooth-ach and catarrh;
Chace evil ſpirits away by dint
Of ſickle, horſe-ſhoe, hollow-ſtint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-ſhell,
Which made the Roman ſlaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With ſympathetic gun-powder.
He knew whatſoever 's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What medicine 'twas that Paracelſus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd ſtates are beſt to make,
On watery ſurface, duck or drake;

What bowling-ſtones, in running race
Upon a board, have ſwifteſt pace;
Whether a pulſe beat in the black
Liſt of a dappled louſe's back;
If ſyſtole or diaſtole move
Quickeſt when he 's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many ſcores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agone;
Whether his ſnout a perfect noſe is,
And not an elephant's proboſcis;
How many different ſpecieſes
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a chandler's noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of zany ſerv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to daſh and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholeſome law;

To

Ver. 317. *How many different ſpecieſes.*] *Species's*, in editions 1664, 1674, 1684. Altered to *ſpecieſes*, 1689.

Ver. 325. *Whachum.*] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one *Tom Jones*, a fooliſh Welſhman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is ſaid to be one Richard

To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To ſquander paper, and ſpare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, ſome think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He 'd to more high advancement riſe,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman aſtrologer:
His buſineſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themſelves give anſwers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry' intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all diſcoveries diſperſe
Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purſes have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, ſchemes, and horoſcopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' ſhops,
Of thieves aſcendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a ſerving-man, that 's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;

Richard Green, who publiſhed a pamphlet of abou
ſheets of baſe ribaldry, and called, *Hudibras in a S*
't was printed about the year 1667.

Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his maſter
In quality of poetaſter,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanack;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And ſowgelder with ſafety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temperate, if they will;
When uſe, and when abſtain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and ſpice.
And as in priſon mean rogues beat
Hemp for the ſervice of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his maſter's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggerel rhymes his ſpells;
Which, over every month's blank page
I' th' almanack, ſtrange bilks preſage.
He would an elegy compoſe
On maggots ſqueez'd out of his noſe;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His miſtreſs' eating a black-pudden;
And, when impriſon'd air eſcap'd her,
It puft him with poetic rapture.

His ſonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd gueſts,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beaſts:
A carman's horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for burthen to his ſong:
Each window like a pillory appears,
With heads thruſt through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the fight
Of monſters, or their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purſe
Breeds buſineſs for heroic verſe;
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of ſuch a ſong.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In manſion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor houſe could bar
The free detection of a ſtar;
And nigh an ancient obeliſk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fiſk,
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,

N

Ver. 404.] Mr. Butler alludes to one *Fiſk*, of w
Lilly obſerves, that he was a licentiate in phyſic,
born near Framlingham in Suffolk; was bred
country ſchool, and deſign'd for the univerſity,
went not thither, ſtudying phyſic and aſtrolog
home, which afterwards he practiſed at Colche
after which he came to London, and practiſed the

Many rare pithy ſaws, concerning
The worth of aſtrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he faſten'd teleſcope,
The ſpectacles with which the ſtars
He reads in ſmalleſt characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarſel of a kite,
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradiſe,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was ſix yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a ſtar did appear:
This Sidrophel by chance eſpy'd,
And with amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or ſtar that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the ſcrowl
Of all thoſe beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned ſtock the conſtellations;
Nor thoſe that drawn for ſigns have been
To th' houſes where the planets inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that cannon-ball

That,

That, ſhot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philoſophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the ſhade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a ſtar.
This ſaid, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it level'd right
Againſt the glow-worm tail of kite,
Then peeping through, Bleſs us! (quoth he)
It is a planet, now, I ſee;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that 's like tobacco-ſtopper,
It ſhould be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
He 's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common,
And can no leſs than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Through perſpective, more wiſtfully,
When, by miſchance, the fatal ſtring,
That kept the towering fowl on wing,

Breaking,

Breaking, down fell the ſtar. Well ſhot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wiſely thought
He 'ad level'd at a ſtar, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more ſubtil-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a ſtar fall?
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When ſtars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment 's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
And ſome of us find out by magick:
Then, ſince the time we have to live
In this world 's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd ſcore,

In

Ver. 477.] William Sedgwick, a whimſical enthuſiaſt, ſometimes a Preſbyterian, ſometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptiſt; ſometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things, out of the pulpit, to the deſtruction of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a viſion that Doomſday was at hand, he retired to the houſe of Sir Francis Ruſſel in Cambridgeſhire; and, finding ſeveral gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their diſſolution; telling them that he had lately received a revelation that Doomſday would be ſome day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him *Doomſday Sedgwick*.

In queſt of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the manſion;
Whom he diſcovering, turn'd his glaſs,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our art are come:
The one 's the learned Knight;—ſeek out,
And pump them what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all ſubmiſſ'neſs
T' accoſt them, but much more their buſineſs:
He held a ſtirrup, while the Knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might ſay:
He aſk'd him whence they came, and whither
Their buſineſs lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not loſe?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intolerable doth ſuffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What time?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung.——
Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis;
Quoth Ralpho, Between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth Whachum) my ſmall art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,

Or

Or great eſtate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t' her.
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable reception;
But kept his buſineſs at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the conjurer's ear;
Which he prevented thus: What was 't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly ſtars
T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No:
Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
One tenth of 's circle to a minute?
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you 'll excuſe
This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a ſcheme and face of heaven,
As th' aſpects are diſpos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I 've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here

At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your ſpeculations, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I aſk your excuſe.
  By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel:
The ſtars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake, your buſineſs too.
  Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or abſurd.
  You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And paſſion, without drawing bit;
And now your buſineſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
  Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,
But how the devil you come by 't
I can't imagine; for the ſtars
I 'm ſure, can tell no more than a horſe;
Nor can their aſpects (though you pore
Your eyes out on them) tell you more
Than th' oracle of ſieve and ſheers,
That turns as certain as the ſpheres:
But if the devil 's of your counſel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth

Quoth Sidrophel, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir Knight, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take th' alarm,
Your buſineſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong ſow by the ear;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of aſtrology;
But for the devil know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your metonymy;
Your words of ſecond-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The myſtic ſenſe of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raiſe the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right conjuring;
And in itſelf more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her ſphere diſmount,
And to their incantation ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore through teleſcope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,

Which every almanack can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf.---Then, friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all queſtions by 't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Roſycrucian way 's more ſure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of them has a ſeveral gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the noſe, with fumes, trapan them,
As Dunſtan did the devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch them, as men in nets do birds;
And ſome with ſymbols, ſigns, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch them
Down from their orbs, arreſt, and catch them;
Make them depoſe and anſwer to
All queſtions, ere they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his ſword,

That

Ver. 618.] St. Dunſtan was made Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *anno* 961. His ſkill in the liberal arts and ſciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him firſt the name of a Conjurer, and then of a Saint: he is revered as ſuch by the *Romaniſts*, who keep a holiday in honour of him, *yearly*, on the 19th of May.

That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of paſt and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glaſs, a ſtone,
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He ſolv'd all problems ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philoſopher,
And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other ſciences are vain.

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelſus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,

But

Ver 631.] This Kelly was chief ſeer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worceſter, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemiſtry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philoſopher's ſtone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at leaſt received ready-made, from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to ſee apparitions in a cryſtal or beryl looking-glaſs (or a round ſtone like a cryſtal). Alaſco, Palatine of Poland, Pucel, a learned Florentine, and Prince Roſemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the ſociety with him and Dr. Dee, and often preſent at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himſelf: but Lilly obſerves, that he was ſo wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

But a true dog, that would ſhew tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er ſticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
And whatſoe'er he 's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the Roſycroſs philoſophers,
Whom you will have to be but ſorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Triſmegiſtus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaſter,
And Apollonius their maſter,
To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth Hudibras; Alas! what is 't t' us
Whether 'twas ſaid by Triſmegiſtus,
If it be nonſenſe, falſe, or myſtic,
Or not intelligible, or ſophiſtic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, although Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his ſons, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a herald
Can make a gentleman, ſcarce a year old,
To

Ver. 669, 670.] Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, firſt a weaver in Glouceſter, then an ignorant ſolicitor. John Blackſton, a poor ſhopkeeper of Newcaſtle.

To be deſcended of a race
Of ancient kings in a ſmall ſpace,
That we ſhould all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.
Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why;
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their ſides, or riſing's ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt height.
Do not the hiſtories of all ages
Relate miraculous preſages
Of ſtrange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreſeen by' aſtrologers, ſoothſayers,
Chaldeans,

caſtle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Thomas Rainſborough, a ſkipper of Lynn, colonel and vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Francis Vere. Colonel John Jones, a ſerving-man. Colonel Barkſtead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldſmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman. Colonel Hewſon, a one-eyed cobler; and Colonel Harriſon, a butcher. Theſe, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlem and lorded it over perſons of the firſt rank an lity.

Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
And ſome that have writ almanacks?
The Median Emperor dreamt his daughter
Had piſt all Aſia under water,
And that a vine, ſprung from her haunches,
O'erſpread his empire with its branches;
And did not ſoothſayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Cæſar in the ſenate fell,
Did not the ſun eclips'd foretell,
And, in reſentment of his ſlaughter,
Look'd pale for almoſt a year after?
Auguſtus having, by' overſight,
Put on his left ſhoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been ſlain that day,
By ſoldiers mutinying for pay.
Are there not myriads of this ſort,
Which ſtories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman ſenate, when within
The city walls an owl was ſeen,
Did cauſe their clergy, with luſtrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have ſo much power,
Why ſhould not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,

And ſhould ſee further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once ſerv'd the polity
Of mighty ſtates to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By powerful Art to underſtand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can ſpeak th' events of our preſages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Diſcover'd ſea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compaſs?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on them there?
  Quoth Hudibras, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a teleſcope,
Can find your tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell truth, and where you lye:
For Anaxagoras, long agone,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the ſun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heavens were made of ſtone,
Becauſe the ſun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, ſuffer'd baniſhment.
  But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?

What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or ſtrange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What ſcience can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are ſweating lanterns, or ſcreen-fans,
Made better there than they 're in France?
Or do they teach to ſing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that ſhall fit
The public humour with leſs wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter ſhows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunaticks?
But if we' outdo him here at home,
What good of your deſign can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blaſt if downward ſent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new-light and prophecy:
So when your ſpeculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful end,

Although

Although they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far ſet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what 's the natural cauſe
Why on a ſign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
Reſolve that with your Jacob's ſtaff;
Or why wolves raiſe a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when ſhe ſhines in water?
And I ſhall freely give my vote,
You may know ſomething more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wiſe,
And, ſtaring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a poſture
Of ſapience, and began to bluſter;
For, having three times ſhook his head
To ſtir his wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geeſe;
Thoſe conſecrated geeſe, in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noiſe alone beat off the Gaul;
Or thoſe Athenian ſceptic owls,
That will not credit their own ſouls,
Or any ſcience underſtand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But, meaſuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing 's to be known:

Thoſe

Thoſe wholeſale critics, that in coffee-
Houſes cry down all philoſophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonſtrate it to ſenſe,
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the ſtars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers ſolacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches ſimpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors ſnippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-ſaints and perjurers?
Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid or done?
Is there a conſtellation there
That was not born and bred up here;
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Moſt of them pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old practices ſome ſkill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its houſe from earth;

And

And therefore probably muſt know
What is and hath been done below?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whoſe livery does the coachman wear?
Or who made Caſſiopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry,
(For money being the common ſcale
Of things, by meaſure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and ſtate,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine aſtrology made out;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heaven 's aboye the earth.
  Theſe reaſons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the learned uſe
Upon this ſubject to produce;
And yet they 're far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians ſay, the ſun has twice
Shifted his ſetting and his riſe;
Twice has he riſen in the weſt,
As many times ſet in the eaſt;

But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.
Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And, were 't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the ground;
As ſage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors, hold.
Plato believ'd the ſun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, ſome Venus, ſeat
Above the Sun himſelf in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainſt what Copernicus maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The ſun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come,
'Bove fifty thouſand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a moſt notorious ſlam,
And he that had ſo little ſhame
To vent ſuch fopperies abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which Monſieur Bodin hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the rod much more,
That durſt upon a truth give doom,
He knew leſs than the Pope of Rome.

Ver. 873. *And were 't not.*] *And 't were* the four firſt editions. Altered in edit. 1689.

Ver. 894. *He knew leſs*, &c.] *He knew no* &c. two firſt editions 1664.

Cardan believ'd great ſtates depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
That, as ſhe whiſk'd it towards the ſun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true bears have no tails.
Some ſay the Zodiac conſtellations
Have long ſince chang'd their antique ſtations
Above a ſign, and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The watery with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern ſoothſayers miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more lyes,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,

Like

Ver. 901.] This and the three following lines inſerted 1674. In the firſt editions of 1664, they ſtand thus:

Some ſay the ſtars i' th' Zodiack,
Are more than a whole ſign gone back
Since Ptolemy; and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, then in the Ram.

Like Idus, and Calendæ, Engliſht
The Quarter-days, by ſkilful linguiſt;
And yet, with canting, ſleight, and cheat,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in being;
To ſwallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd;
Make them the conſtellations prompt,
And give them back their own accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for 't, or beſt believes.
Some towns, ſome cities, ſome, for brevity,
Have caſt the 'verſal world's nativity,
And made the infant-ſtars confeſs,
Like fools or children, what they pleaſe.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-ſuits, and the pox:
Some take a meaſure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, huſbands, wives;
Make oppoſition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren and who fertile;
As if the planets' firſt aſpect
The tender infant did infect
In ſoul and body, and inſtil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd periods fall a-working,

And break out, like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes, into deeds,
In friendſhips, enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diſeaſes, took all phyſick
That cures or kills a man that is ſick:
Marry'd his punctual doſe of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There 's but the twinkling of a ſtar
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and juſtice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a ſlave;
A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,
A great philoſopher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd phyſician and manſlayer:
As if men from the ſtars did ſuck
Old-age, diſeaſes, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
And draw, with the firſt air they breathe,
Battle and murder, ſudden death.
Are not theſe fine commodities
To be imported from the ſkies,

Ver. 956. *Is cuckolded.*] *Cookolded*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

And vended here among the rabble,
For ſtaple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be reſtored.
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artiſts too,
Since arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our principles oppoſe,
I will (although I 've done 't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a figure that ſhall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget befel you,
By way of horary inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt erection.
With that he circles draws, and ſquares,
With cyphers, aſtral characters,
Then looks them o'er to underſtand them,
Although ſet down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, This ſcheme of th' heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met,
At Kingſton, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and ſide well
And, though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave:
That paltry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch gulls as you.

Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the ſaltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He ſtole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' houſe.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument 's demonſtrative;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A conſtable to ſeize the wretches;
For though they 're both falſe knaves and cheats,
Impoſtors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I 'll make them ſerve for perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They 're guilty, by their own confeſſions,
Of felony; and at the Seſſions,
Upon the bench, I will ſo handle them,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, ſo long on the State's part,

Ver. 1010. *Caldes'd.*] Put the fortune-teller on him.

To be expos'd, i' th' end, to ſuffer
By ſuch a braggadocio huffer.
Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this ſword
Shall down thy falſe throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haſte, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian ſophiſter;
Mean-while I 'll hold them at a bay,
Leſt he and Whachum run away.
But Sidrophel, who from th' aſpect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worſe portending far
Than that of moſt malignant ſtar,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment
To ſhun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being reſolv'd, he ſpy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a ſturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and ſhoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a paſs,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

Whachum his ſea-coal prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Juſt in the place where honour 's lodg'd,
As wiſe philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, The ſtars determine
You are my priſoners, baſe vermin:
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or ſell, two lives ſo vile?
I 'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his ſword he reaps and plows,
That 's mine, the law of arms allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
Firſt he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and ſo detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks

Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank-ſchemes to diſcover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And ſeveral conſtellation ſtones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had ſtrange powers
To make them thrive in law or trade,
And ſtab or poiſon to evade;
In wit or wiſdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither croſs nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politicks,
Straight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at leaſt, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the ſecular prince of darkneſs
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his carcaſe:

And

Ver. 1093.] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous aſtrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and ſo was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelborn*, a great ſpeculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her (*quod nota*); ſo that it is no wonder *that* the Knight found ſeveral of their knick-knacks *in* Sidrophel's cabinet.

And as a fox, with hot purſuit
Chac'd through a warren, caſts about
To ſave his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms juſtling in his brain,
As learn'd philoſophers give out;
So Sidrophello caſt about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain:
Firſt ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And, ſeeming in his breaſt to ſmother
A broken ſigh; quoth he, Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now I thought myſelf i' th' moon,
And that a monſter, with huge whiſkers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my ſide had kill'd;
Had croſs-examin'd both our hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe:
Look, there he is! I ſee him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my ſide
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a ſwoon,

Shut

Shut both his eyes, and ſtopt his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer ſafe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himſelf one firk
To carry on the Public Work;
Deſpis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their Diſcipline his ſport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their Claſſes,
And their Conventions prov'd high-places;
Diſparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And ſet at nought their cheeſe and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their reverend Parſons, to my beard;
For all which ſcandals to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I 'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be ſcann'd,
Who, by their ſkill in palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his deſtiny,
And make him glad to read his leſſon,
Or take a turn for 't at the Seſſion,
Unleſs his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I 'm ſure;

For

For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will diſengage my Conſcience
Of th' obligation, in his own ſenſe;
I 'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour ſatisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And conduct he approach'd his ſteed,
And, with activity unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty beaſt to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his palfry,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE*

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus.——

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your ſcull,
As often as the moon 's at full,
'Tis not amiſs, ere ye 're giv'n o'er,
To try one deſperate medicine more;

For

* This Epiſtle was publiſhed ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is ſaid, in a Key to a burleſque poem of Mr. Butler's, publiſhed 1706, p. 13, to have been occaſioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoſo, and member of the Royal Society, who conſtantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which gave riſe to this Epiſtle; and by ſome he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great diſcovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouſe which had miſtaken its way, and got into his teleſcope. See *The Elephant in the Moon*, in the ſecond volume of Butler's Poems.

For, where your caſe can be no worſe,
The deſperat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is 't poſſible that you, whoſe ears
Are of the tribe of Iſſachar's,
And might (with equal reaſon) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf againſt a noiſe
So roaring as the public voice?
That ſpeaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in every crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his part
T' a wheel-barrow or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
To cry green-haſtings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the ſound)
And, 'cauſe your folly 's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there 's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much ignorance and beaſt,
That neither all men's ſcorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome ſenſe and nurture;

But (like a reprobate) what courſe
Soever us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no transfuſion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn them into mongrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make yourſelf a better beaſt?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying ſound from rotten eggs;
Your ſeveral new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and ſcabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected ſaps;
Recovering ſhankers, cryſtallines,
And nodes and botches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd chariots, draw
The boys to courſe you without law;
As if the art you have ſo long
Profeſs'd, of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Reſolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;

Unriddle all that mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your brows;
All arts and ſciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye
Into th' abſtruſeſt learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in 't,
And yet have no art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad naturals?
But ſtill, the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wiſe,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
A quarter ſhare (at moſt) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Y' aſſume a power as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and control,
As if you were the ſole Sir Poll,
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You 'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, though ye 've purchas'd to your name,
In hiſtory, ſo great a fame;

That

Ver. 86.] Sir Politick Would-be, in "Volpone."

Ver. 91, 92.] Theſe two lines, I think, plainly diſcover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here laſhed under the name of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's fame abroad

That now your talent 's ſo well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That every ſtrange prodigious tale
Is meaſur'd by your German ſcale—
By which the virtuoſi try
The magnitude of every lye,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your account;
That all thoſe ſtories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
And leſſer authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain renown will ſpoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;

Though

abroad was indiſputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years Agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publiſhes it: "I came purpoſely into the Committee "this day, to ſee the man who is ſo famous in thoſe "parts where I have ſo long continued: I aſſure you, "his name is famous all over Europe. I came to do "him juſtice." Lilly is alſo careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden ſent him a gold chain and medal worth about 50l. for making honourable mention of his Majeſty in one of his almanacks; which, he ſays, was tranſlated into the language ſpoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried about the ſtreets as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own hiſtory.

Ver. 105. *Betrays.*] *Deſtroys*, in all the editions I have ſeen.

Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
With greater eaſe than public ſcorn,
That all affronts do ſtill give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet, as 'tis counterfeit and braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all impoſtors, when they 're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone:
And all the beſt that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as ſoon
As once they 're broke looſe from the moon,
And, proof againſt her influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little ſenſe,
To turn ſtark fools, and ſubjects fit
For ſport of boys and rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS.

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a maſquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him from himſelf by night.

'TIS true no lover has that power
T' enforce a deſperate amour,
As he that has two ſtrings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;

For

We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is conſiderably longer than either the Firſt or the Second; and yet can the ſevereſt critic ſay that Mr. Butler grows inſipid in his invention, or faulters in his judgment? No; he ſtill continues to ſhine in both theſe excellencies; and, to manifeſt the extenſiveneſs of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to ſpin out theſe adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and ſatire. I dare ſay the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be ſo at the concluſion of the Poem: and the reaſon is evident, becauſe this laſt part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is equally diffuſed through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

For then he 's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his ſuit;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While thoſe who fillily purſue
The ſimple downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And ſteer againſt the ſtream their paſſions.
Some forge their miſtreſſes of ſtars,
And, when the ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the ſtars for doing
Ill offices, to croſs their wooing,
When only by themſelves they 're hinder'd,
For truſting thoſe they made her kindred,
And ſtill, the harſher and hide-bounder
The damſels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling ſtreams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elyſium,
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd dame,
The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind ſo much in uſe,
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his amours,

Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
No ſooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad diſcomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now, triumphant and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a conqueror to meddle
With petty conſtable or beadle,
Or fly for refuge to the hoſteſs
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Juſtice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cauſe
To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot irons have paſt bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verſe
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that 's worſe.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a ſhame the devil might owe him,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the jail,
To anſwer, with his veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal,

Ver. 43. *And us'd*, &c.] *And us'd as*, in edit.

And thought it now the fitteſt juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conqueſt o'er the fierce magician;
Deſcribe the manner of the fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away;
His bloody ſcourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his ſoul to ſwear;
But, rather than produce his back,
To ſet his conſcience on the rack;
And, in purſuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
And perſon, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;
But when their bones were drubb'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not wooe one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued by blows their lovers felt.

So Spaniſh heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the nobleſt ſpouſe
That widows greateſt herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 've quell'd ſo vaſt a buffalo?
Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who ſent him for a ſtrong detachment
Of beadles, conſtables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falſely on his lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they ſhould, at gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be acceſſary;
But rather wiſely ſlip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beaſt ever did beſide,

With

Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the riding diſpenſation:
And, therefore, much about the hour
The Knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of juſtice and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and ſtedfaſt reſolution,
To ſwear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himſelf to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-ſaints to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous arms-bearing,
To lay themſelves out to ſupplant
Each other couſin-german ſaint.
But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got ſo much the ſtart,
He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court,
And, having ty'd his beaſt t' a pale,
And taking time for both to ſtale,

He put his band and beard in order,
The ſprucer to accoſt and board her:
And now began t' approach the door,
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of ſight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encountering, after longees
Of humble and ſubmiſſive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He ſtroak'd his beard, and thus he ſaid:
  Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the ſhadow of your ſhoe-tye;
And now am come to bring your ear
A preſent you 'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo: the thing 's done,
Or may I never ſee the ſun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you 'd pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my ſmart.
  With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy back,
As if he felt his ſhoulders ake:
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The myſtery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions leſs profound.
  Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I 've ſuffer'd for your love,

Which

Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd ſkin;
And, for thoſe meritorious laſhes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
  Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted ſconce,
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to th' good behaviour,
And for my ſake and ſervice vow'd
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear t' a ſcruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourſelf, not me, to know;
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs
Y' are honeſter than I could gueſs.
  Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;
And if you make a queſtion on 't,
I 'll pawn my ſoul that I have done 't:
And he that makes his ſoul his ſurety,
I think, does give the beſt ſecurity.
  Quoth ſhe, Some ſay the ſoul 's ſecure
Againſt diſtreſs and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other world 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run 't:

For

For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
To shunt the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but prisoners on parole.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational
They may be accomptable in all:
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human powers,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,
It follows nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past:
For oaths are th' only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, and true and false;
And there 's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.
Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
There 's no believing till I hear:
For, till they 're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.
Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exercise,
(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,

T' avoid

T' avoid all ſcruples in the caſe,
I went to do 't upon the place;
But as the caſtle is inchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil ſpirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two,
Before I 'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable noiſe,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch, and ſtrip,
I 'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy ribs of ſkin,
To expiate thy lingering ſin;
Thou 'aſt broke perfidiouſly thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But ſpar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adſt ſo great a prize at ſtake;
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte;
Time is, time was: and there it ceaſt:
With which, though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' horror of the thing was leſs
Than th' other diſmal apprehenſion
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore, ſnatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Reſolv'd to ſpare no fleſh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;

Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and ſtrength,
I felt the blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative bardaſhing;
When, facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my guard and ſcout,
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With ſcourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſte I ſnatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their helliſh rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageouſly on Sidrophel,
Who now, transform'd himſelf t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a gooſe,
Div'd under water in a pound,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haſte and rage,
His under-ſorcerer t' engage;
But, bravely ſcorning to defile
My ſword with feeble blood, and vile

I judg'd

I judg'd it better from a quick-
ſet hedge to cut a knotted ſtick,
With which I furiouſly laid on,
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir;
I am too great a ſufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe caprich,
Who ſends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houſes in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geeſe with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for inchantment paſs;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper;
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit fantaſtical advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with manicon;
Believe mechanic virtuoſi
Can raiſe them mountains in Potoſi;
And, ſillier than the antic fools,
Take treaſure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with ſignatures,
To quack off univerſal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glaſs,
Make people on their heads to paſs;

And

And mighty heaps of coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece;
To draw in fools, whoſe natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When leſs delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the ſad puniſhment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for pultrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they ſlaſh, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civileſt addreſſes:
Their horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his fleſh, and preſt him
About the witch with many a queſtion.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and truſt
Of feeble ſpeculative luſt;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By thoſe the devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke;

But being a virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent moſt adroit,
For any myſtical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But, as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get;
For thoſe that do his buſineſs beſt,
In hell are us'd the ruggedeſt;
Before ſo meriting a perſon
Could get a grant, but in reverſion,
He ſerv'd two 'prenticeſhips, and longer,
I' th' myſtery of a lady-monger:
For (as ſome write) a witch's ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the body looſt,
Becomes a puiney imp itſelf,
And is another witch's elf:
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thouſand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their ſwitches;

And

And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous figures too;
Witneſs myſelf, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and peaſe
He crams in naſty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me reliſh for deſerts,
And one by one, with ſhame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beſide—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady ſtopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half thoſe things (ſaid ſhe) be true,
(They 're all, quoth he, I ſwear by you):
Why then, ſaid ſhe, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to th' pit of hell,
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In queſt of you came hither poſt,
Within an hour (I 'm ſure) at moſt,
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you ſhould carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like Proſerpine) your bride;

But

But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound;
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;
For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.

Beſide, he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That, ere he went in queſt of you,
He ſet a figure to diſcover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this way,
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that paſs'd before and ſince,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a caſe of tender conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own ſenſe,
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all ſcruples in the caſe,
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own
Whatever 's by the Wicked done;
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The ſervice of his gifts and light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him, by main force,
To ſcourge his ribs inſtead of your's,
But that he ſtood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't);

He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Caſt towards the door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and ſpoke:
  Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle circumſtance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes ſwallow down
This veſſel, that is all your own!
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
Theſe reliques of your conſtant lover!
  You have provided well (quoth ſhe)
(I thank you) for yourſelf and me,
And ſhewn your Preſbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jeſuits;
A moſt compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourſelves, and thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then (quoth he) may hell ſurprize.
That trick (ſaid ſhe) will not paſs twice;
I 've learn'd how far I 'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your ſleeve;
But there 's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright ſwearing;
For, if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are viſible as yet,

Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of niceſt ſcruples in the action;
And if you can produce thoſe knobs,
Although they 're but the witch's drubs,
I 'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your natural ſelf had don't;
Provided that they paſs th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do ſo for backs.
Madam (quoth he) your love 's a million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in thoſe that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
I find (quoth ſhe) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn-battels;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You paſt in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly enroll'd;

And if 'tis counted treaſon here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, There are no bargains driven,
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heaven,
And that 's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no heaven in marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe;
Their buſineſs there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be againſt its nature ty'd;
For, where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd,
And like the ſoul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tye,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the priſoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfulleſt lover
Gives beſt ſecurity to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd;

A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low,
And at the beſt is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the reſt of better or worſe,
Both are but loſers out of purſe:
For when upon their ungot heirs
They' entail themſelves, and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driven,
Or wager laid at ſix and ſeven?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one
Who 's bound to vouch them for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which ſhe 's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the iſland, with four ſeas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready inſolence and power,
And makes him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her ſlave,

More

More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to juſtify,
Nor at her proper coſt and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous ſots were thoſe obedient
Old vaſſals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldeſt hand
In foul play by the laws o' th' land,
For which ſo many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckel'd:
A law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without diſtinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable conſideration,
Nor writ of Error, nor reverſe
Of judgment paſt, for better or worſe;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horſes
Their ſpiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing elſe but *rem* in *re*
Can ſet the proudeſt wretches free;
A ſlavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As ſpiders never ſeek the fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply;

So men are by themſelves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a nooſe,
They'd break them after to break looſe.
As ſome whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themſelves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the ſport.
Nor do the ladies want excuſe
For all the ſtratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the ſet,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For, as the Pythagorean ſoul
Runs through all beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
And has a ſmack of every one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that 's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the patient firſt,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of deſire,
Like glaſs, that 's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy 's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For, when he 's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs or Madam,

The

The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They 're in the very act, recoil:
Hence 'tis ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſeparate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Truſt none again till they 've made over;
Or, if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geeſe they carry,
And, ere they venture o'er a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence wittieſt ladies always chuſe
To undertake the heavieſt gooſe:
For now the world is grown ſo wary,
That few of either ſex dare marry,
But rather truſt, on tick, t' amours,
The croſs and pile for better or worſe;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and faſhionable:
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In ſoul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a ſhilling,
They 've more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make them in romances;

Though,

Though, when their heroes 'ſpouſe the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous piques,
Which th' Ancients wiſely ſignify'd
By th' yellow manteaus of the bride:
For jealouſy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the miſchief is, the doubt
On whoſe account they firſt broke out.
For though Chineſes go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies' ſtead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more,
Our green-men do it worſe, when they' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who 's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and ſickneſs being all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worſhip, only when they 're ſound,
Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe wares;

A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with waſhes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under vizard-maſks their talents,
And mother-wits before their gallants;
Until they 're hamper'd in the nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe;
When all the flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undreſſes
Her complaiſance and gentileſſes;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' eaſy owner;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her ſlave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd t' eternal noiſe and ſcolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullices of ears,
And makes the volly of one tongue
For all their leathern ſhields too ſtrong;
When only arm'd with noiſe and nails,
The female ſilk-worms ride the males,
Transform them into rams and goats,
Like Syrens, with their charming notes;

Sweet

Sweet as a ſcreech-owl's ſerenade,
Or thoſe enchanting murmurs made
By th' huſband mandrake, and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.
Quoth he, Theſe reaſons are but ſtrains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with than think.
Man was not man in Paradiſe,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his ſide,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting ſex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and leſſen
The pains and labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
His body, that ſtupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In ſhape and ſymmetry exact,
Of which the left and female ſide
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch art,
That nothing elſe but death can part.
Thoſe heavenly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world ſurprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other ladies tawny;

Thoſe

Thoſe raviſhing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces.
That, in a mathematic line,
Like thoſe in other heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And ſo would that ſweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.
Our nobleſt ſenſes act by pairs,
Two eyes to ſee, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the ſoul deſign'd:
But thoſe that ſerve the body alone
Are ſingle and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And cloſe at th' equinoctial fit;
And ſo are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her ſignature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or ſmalleſt blade of graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that ſhe uſes
In all the wonders ſhe produces;
And thoſe that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what ſecures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all men undertake;

To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So univerſal, all mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind:
For in what ſtupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of faſhion?
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Or cloiſter'd Friars and Veſtal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And looſe exceſſes of the ſex,
Prepoſterouſly would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Though men would find ſuch mortal feuds
In ſharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they 're ſupply'd with now by wives,
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beaſts do, of their native growths;
For ſimple wearing of their horns
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' ſettlements;
Had been but younger ſons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or eſtates of peers,
Could be preſerv'd but by their heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?

What crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt monarchs did not marry,
And with their conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt intereſts of ſtate?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to diſarm?
Make blood and deſolation ceaſe,
And fire and ſword unite in peace,
When all their fierce conteſts for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Leſs for the intereſts of the bride,
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miſs;
The nymphs of chaſte Diana's train,
The ſame with thoſe in Lewkner's lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
Beſides the joys of place and birth,
The ſex's paradiſe on earth,
A privilege ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,

But,

But, rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the ſpouſe,
The reaſon is, becauſe the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is truſted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the ſtuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a ſtrait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it ſave her the ſame way
It ſeldom miſſes to betray,
Unleſs both parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady ſuffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve;
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before and win the poſt,
Yet when they 're at their race's ends,
They 're ſtill as kind and conſtant friends,
And, to relieve their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe;

So

So all thoſe falſe alarms of ſtrife
Between the huſband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love;
When thoſe who 're always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudeſt clamours, more
Than as they 're reliſh'd, ſweet or ſour;
Like muſick, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as ſmiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with ſullen
As charming looks ſurpris'd and ſtolen:
Then why ſhould more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For diſcords make the ſweeteſt airs,
And curſes are a kind of prayers;
Two ſlight alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing elſe has power to ſettle
The intereſts of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And paſſes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and regiſter'd above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knots of vows,
Which nothing elſe but death can looſe.
And what ſecurity 's too ſtrong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,

That to its friend is glad to paſs
Itſelf away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the heaven of a lover?
I grant (quoth ſhe) there are ſome few
Who take that courſe, and find it true;
But millions whom the ſame does ſentence
To heaven b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but ſhot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gameſters, when they play a ſet
With greateſt cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight unſeen.
For what do lovers, when they 're faſt
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking children are by elves?
And, if they uſe their perſons ſo,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecſtaſies and flames.
For when the money 's on the book,
And *All my worldly goods*—but ſpoke
(The formal livery and ſeiſin
That puts a lover in poſſeſſion)

To

To that alone the bridegroom 's wedded,
The bride a flam that 's ſuperſeded:
To that their faith is ſtill made good;
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once reſign our powers,
We 've nothing left we can call ours:
Our money 's now become the Miſs
Of all your lives and ſervices,
And we, forſaken and poſtpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at firſt gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heireſs yet,
By being born to lordſhips, get?
When, the more lady ſhe 's of manors,
She 's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To uſe her as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial grace
To be their cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time 's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vaſſals:
So ſhe, bewitch'd by rooks and ſpirits,
Betrays herſelf, and all ſh' inherits;
Is bought and ſold, like ſtolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;

Until they force her to convey,
And ſteal the thief himſelf away.
Theſe are the everlaſting fruits
Of all your paſſionate love-ſuits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-ſick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make addreſs and courtſhip,
And with your bodies ſtrive to worſhip,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's ſake.
For theſe you play at purpoſes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For theſe at Beſte and L'Ombre wooe,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who ſhall be the ableſt man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the moſt genteely bred
At ſucking of a vizard-bead;
How beſt t' accoſt us in all quarters,
T' our queſtion-and-command new garters;
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of dreſſes *pro* and *con*:
For there 's no myſtery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way poſſible to do 't
But love and oaths, and reſtleſs ſuit,

To

To us y' apply, to pay the ſcores
Of all your cully'd paſt amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others' influences long ſince
Have charm'd your noſes with, and ſhins;
For which the ſurgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages inchant!
What graces muſt that lady have,
That can from executions ſave!
What charms, that can reverſe extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and ſtatutes can diſcharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt excellences
Of all your true or falſe pretences;
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an hoſteſs dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would ſoon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a candle in the ſocket,
Diſſolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haſte, with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been
Beſtow'd as freely on his ſkin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as aſhes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt;
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his ſide,

Impatient

Ver. 1053, 1054.] Two days were but yet paſſed ſince the beginning of theſe adventures: we are now entering into the night wherein happened the moſt remarkable action in the whole Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management, imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night-adventures. But who are the perſons that knock at the gate? probably two of the Lady's own ſervants: for, as ſhe and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuſcade) had been deſcanting on the Knight's villainies, ſo they had undoubtedly laid this ſcheme to be revenged of him: the ſervants were diſguiſed, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, purſuant to the inſtructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his *fright* and conſternation ſo great, that we find him *falling* into a ſwoon.

Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them,
But in a fury to fly at them;
And therefore beat and laid about
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I 'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand centinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desperatest attacks.
At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to sally;
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door,
That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Meanwhile,

Ver. 1086.] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Meanwhile, they knock'd againſt the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady for a freſh reſerve.
His duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſhe 'ad order'd execute;
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away,
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a paſs,
To ſtand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageouſly invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his deſperate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had ſtorm'd,

And,

And, after entering, Sidrophel
Was fallen upon the guards pell-mell:
He therefore ſent out all his ſenſes
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Miſtake for falling in a trance;
But thoſe that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And ſtorm'd the outworks of his fortreſs;
And, as another of the ſame
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the ſame cauſe had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By venturing only but to thruſt
His head a ſpan beyond his poſt,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through' a window by the ears;
So he was ſerv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
  Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad ſcorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They ſtoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his ſcouts came in t' his aid:
For when a man is paſt his ſenſe,
There 's no way to reduce him thence,

But twinging him by th' ears or noſe,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And, if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his neck a ſturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By' our friend, thy evil genius;
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lyes,
The Brethren's privilege (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcaſe ſent,
For juſt revenge and puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free confeſſion;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To ſpirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' inchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;
That in return would pay th' expence,
The wear and tear of conſcience;
Which I could have patch'd-up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didſt

Didſt thou not love her then? ſpeak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldſt thou 'ave us'd her and her money?
Firſt turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpoſe, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in truſt, or private lover.
What made thee pick and chuſe her out
T' employ their ſorceries about?
That which makes gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thyſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would paſs
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whoſe humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That ſtand for candidates, and wooe.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful lyes
Of bears and witches in diſguiſe?
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:

And

And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by' a very few,
Beſide the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of ſenſe.
  Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed ſin,
Hypocriſy, to ſet up in?
  Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt calling,
The only ſaints'-bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unleſs they' employ it,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy it:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impower'd to rout
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out;
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
For no ſin elſe, among the Saints,
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
  What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn you all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
  Quoth he, I ſee you have more tricks
Than all our doating politicks,
That are grown old, and out of faſhion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;

That

That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.
  Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You 'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house.
  'Tis true (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.
  Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That, as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again,
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
  Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.
  What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murther, godliness?—Great gains.
  What 's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore.
  What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What 's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What

What makes rebelling against kings
A good old Cause?—Adherebimus.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and clothes.
What, laws and freedom, perfecution?—
Being out of power and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.
What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against?
'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For Saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed:
But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What 's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis

'Tis to reſtore, with more ſecurity,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Chriſtian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none.
  It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' world for holineſs.
This ſaid, the Furies and the light
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of brimſtone and his own.
  The Queen of Night, whoſe large command
Rules all the ſea, and half the land,
And over moiſt and crazy brains,
In high ſpring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the weſt,
To go to bed and take her reſt;

When

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet ſtands alone in this deſcription of the morning's approach: none that I know of, beſides himſelf, has painted it by the moon's declenſion: he ſcorned to follow the old beaten cuſtom of deſcribing it by the ſun's riſing, which he had done once before, Part II. Cant. ii. Ver. 29; but he here finds out a new way, and altogether juſt.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haſte, with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been
Beſtow'd as freely on his ſkin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as aſhes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt;
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his ſide,

Impatient

Ver. 1053, 1054.] Two days were but yet paſſed ſince the beginning of theſe adventures: we are now entering into the night wherein happened the moſt remarkable action in the whole Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management, imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night-adventures. But who are the perſons that knock at the gate? probably two of the Lady's own ſervants: for, as ſhe and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuſcade) had been deſcanting on the Knight's villainies, ſo they had undoubtedly laid this ſcheme to be revenged of him: the ſervants were diſguiſed, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, purſuant to the inſtructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his *fright* and conſternation ſo great, that we find him *falling* into a ſwoon.

Believ'd it was ſome drolling ſprite
That ſtaid upon the guard that night,
And one of thoſe he 'ad ſeen, and felt
The drubs he had ſo freely dealt;
When, after a ſhort pauſe and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on;
  This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the ſtocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
  (Thought he, this devil 's full of malice,
That on my late diſaſters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worſe,
With treats more ſlovenly and coarſe;
Engag'd with fiends in ſtubborn wars,
And hot diſputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adſt bravely won the day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thyſelf away.
  (I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs elf
Would fain ſteal me, too, from myſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done)
And now, but venturing to betray,
Haſt met with vengeance the ſame way.
  Thought he, how does the devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?

His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long ſince;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treacherous ſpy acquaints.
This is ſome pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond hand,
And now would paſs for Spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for 't;
Theſe rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And haſtily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
Thus far I 'm ſure thou 'rt in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paltry, black-guard ſprite,
Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;
Thou haſt no work to do in th' houſe,
Nor halfpenny to drop in ſhoes;
Without the raiſing of which ſum
You dare not be ſo troubleſome
To pinch the ſlatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your buſineſs, good Pug-Robin,
And your diverſion dull dry-bobbing,

T' en-

T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And waſh them clean in ditches for 't;
Of which conceit you are ſo proud,
At every jeſt you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
Sir (quoth the Voice) ye 're no ſuch ſophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you deſign to weigh our talents
I' th' ſtandard of your own falſe balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us ghoſts, as well as we do you;
We, who have been the everlaſting
Companions of your drubs and baſting,
And never left you in conteſt
With male or female, man or beaſt;
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.
Quoth he, That may be ſaid as true
By th' idleſt pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worſe
Than thoſe allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,
To whoſe infernal ſhores I hope
He 'll ſwing like ſkippers in a rope:
And, if ye 'ave been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' ill-affected ſay of you—

Ye 'ave 'ſpous'd the Covenant and Cauſe,
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took, the Covenant;
But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Than other perjuries do the laws,
Which, when they 're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for 't:
And that 's the reaſon Covenanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
I ſee (quoth Hudibras) from whence
Theſe ſcandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his ſects',
Thoſe ſpider-ſaints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
Sir (quoth the Voice) that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you,
Whoſe talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd them to;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But muſt have armies rais'd to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to ſave ſouls:
While he, poor devil, has no power
By force to run down and devour;

Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To ſtools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to deſign,
To entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourſelves his betters too.
Hence 'tis poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs they help the elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore, where he 's beſt poſſeſt,
Acts moſt againſt his intereſt;
Surprizes none, but thoſe who 'ave prieſts
To turn him out, and exorciſts,
Supply'd with ſpiritual proviſion,
And magazines of ammunition;
With croſſes, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, roſaries, and pixes;
The tools of working our ſalvation
By mere mechanic operation:
With holy water, like a ſluice,
To overflow all avenues:
But thoſe who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppoſe his entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurprize,
Although his falſeſt enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:

For

For where are all your forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up ſouls;
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
And never boggle to reſtore
The members you deliver o'er,
Upon demand, with fairer juſtice,
Than all your covenanting Truſtees;
Unleſs, to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſecular powers,
And paſs their ſouls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame eſtate in mortgage twice:
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that 's due,
Diſtrain on ſoul and body too.
Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your friends and ours,
That, as you truſt us, in our way,
To raiſe your members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a ſtory;

Have

Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty intereſts of ſtate,
Laid out our ſpiritual gifts to further
Your great deſigns of rage and murther:
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a ſoul behind
Of all Diſſenters of mankind.
Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all thoſe kind good offices,
I 'll free you out of this diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in ſafety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone;
And, if I leave you here till day,
You 'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' inchanted hero out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unſerviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Greſham-carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe ſores,
In danger of relapſe to worſe,

Came in t' aſſiſt him with its aid,
And up his ſinking veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge;
The Spirit horſ'd him, like a ſack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With ſome few rubs againſt the wall;
Where, finding out the poſtern lock'd,
And th' avenues as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, ſtorm'd the glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the paſs;
Through which he dragg'd the worſted ſoldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and ſhoulders,
And cautiouſly began to ſcout
To find their fellow-cattle out;
Nor was it half a minute's queſt,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beaſt,
Ty'd to a pale, inſtead of rack,
But ne'er a ſaddle on his back,
Nor piſtols at the ſaddle-bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the night, too, ſteal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the ſaddle, too, was ſtray'd,

And

Ver. 1575.] Altered to the outer poſtern, edit. 1710.

nd in the place a lump of ſoap,
ı which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
nd, turning to the gate the rein,
: kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;
'hile Hudibras, with equal haſte,
ı both ſides laid about as faſt,
nd ſpurr'd, as jockies uſe, to break,
· padders to ſecure, a neck:
'here let us leave them for a time,
nd to their Churches turn our rhyme;
o hold forth their declining ſtate,
'hich now come near an even rate.

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